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Sacred Hymns  
AND  
SPIRITUAL SONGS,  
FOR THE  
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST  
OF  
Latter-day Saints.

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TENTH EUROPEAN EDITION.

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LIVERPOOL:  
PUBLISHED FOR ORSON PRATT,  
BY S. W. RICHARDS, 15, WILTON STREET.

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1854.



## PREFACE TO THE FIRST ENGLISH EDITION.

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THE Saints in this country have been very desirous for a Hymn Book adapted to their faith and worship, that they might sing the truth with an understanding heart, and express their praise, joy, and gratitude in songs adapted to the New and Everlasting Covenant.

In accordance with their wishes, we have selected the following Volume, which we hope will prove acceptable until a greater variety can be added.

With sentiments of high consideration and esteem, we subscribe ourselves your brethren in the New and Everlasting Covenant,

BRIGHAM YOUNG,  
PARLEY P. PRATT,  
JOHN TAYLOR.

*Manchester, 1840.*

## PREFACE TO THE NINTH EDITION.

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THE ninth European edition of Hymns contains seventy-six pieces which are not found in the former editions; about sixty of which are substituted for the same number which have been omitted. The hymns which have been retained will be found on the same pages in the new book as in the old. The new ones are distinguished by an asterisk (\*) at the commencement of each, which is also attached to the first lines of the same in the Index.

The measure of the hymns, and also the number of the stanzas, are given, with a view to avoid confusion in the selection of tune and verse for singing. Thirty-two pages have been added to the present Volume; an Index of subjects has also been constructed; and being printed on a superior quality of

paper, a size larger than the former editions, constitute the most important alterations in the work.

The sale of the last ten thousand copies, in the short period of one year and a-half, together with the greatly increasing demand from all parts of the British Isles, has induced the extension of the present issue to twenty-five thousand, which, with the eight former editions, numbers fifty-four thousand published and for sale, in the short period of eleven years.

That the worship of the Saints may be most acceptable, it is necessary that they employ correct and appropriate sentiment, else, though never so fervent in spirit, they cannot be said to worship in Spirit and in Truth.

Of the power of music, to invite the blessed influences of the Holy Spirit upon the human mind, a remarkable instance is recorded in 1 Samuel xvi., when David

played before Saul, the evil spirit departed from him.

It is hoped the Saints will feel a lively interest in cultivating an acquaintance with music, that the worship of their assemblies may be the more spirited and impressive; and that with adaptation of word and tune they may sound forth the melody of their hearts in sweet symphonies of high-toned praise and thanksgiving to the Author of their faith, for his everlasting kindness in restoring again the blessings of the New and Everlasting Covenant of life to man.

With humble importunity for the acceptance and blessing of Almighty God upon his people, in the use of these Hymns now most respectfully submitted, I subscribe myself the servant and brother of the faithful in Christ,

FRANKLIN D. RICHARDS.

15, *Wilton Street, Liverpool,*  
*August 26th, 1851.*

## PREFACE TO THE TENTH EDITION.

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THE ninth European edition of this valuable collection of Sacred Hymns and Spiritual Songs having run out, another edition of ten thousand copies is now presented to the Saints, without any essential alteration from the last edition.

Sixty-four thousand copies of this work have now been published, enabling tens of thousands of Saints to give utterance to their devotional feelings through its medium; and we most sincerely hope that millions may speedily participate in the well-founded hopes expressed, and heavenly joys anticipated, in the following pages.

ORSON PRATT.

*January, 1, 1854.*



# SACRED HYMNS,

AND

## SPIRITUAL SONGS.

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### HYMN 1. (L. M.)

- 1 The morning breaks, the shadows flee,  
Lo ! Zion's standard is unfurl'd !  
The dawning of a brighter day  
Majestic rises on the world.
- 2 The clouds of error disappear  
Before the rays of truth divine ;  
The glory bursting from afar,  
Wide o'er the nations soon will shine.
- 3 The Gentile fulness now comes in,  
And Israel's blessings are at hand :  
Lo ! Judah's remnant, cleans'd from sin,  
Shall in their promis'd Canaan stand.

4 Jehovah speaks ! let earth give ear,  
 And Gentile nations turn and live—  
 His mighty arm is making bare,  
 His cov'nant-people to receive.

5 Angels from heaven, and truth from earth,  
 Have met, and both have record borne—  
 Thus Zion's light is bursting forth,  
 To bring her ransom'd children home.

HYMN 2. (C. M.)

1 Let ev'ry mortal ear attend,  
     And ev'ry heart rejoice—  
     The trumpet of the Gospel sounds  
     With an inviting voice.

2 Ho ! all ye hungry, starving souls,  
     That feed upon the wind,  
     And vainly strive with earthly toys  
     To fill an empty mind,

3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd  
     A soul-reviving feast,  
     And bids your longing appetites  
     The rich provision taste.

4 Ho ! ye that pant for living streams,  
     And pine away and die,

Here you may quench your raging thirst  
 With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here  
 In a rich ocean join ;  
 Salvation in abundance flows,  
 Like floods of milk and wine.

6 The gates of glorious Gospel grace  
 Stand open night and day—  
 Lord, we are come to seek supplies,  
 And drive our wants away.

HYMN 3. (8's & 7's)

1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,  
 Zion, city of our God !  
 He, whose word can not be broken,  
 Chose thee for his own abode.

2 On the rock of Enoch founded,  
 What can shake thy sure repose !  
 With salvation's wall surrounded,  
 Thou may'st smile on all thy foes.

3 See ! the streams of living waters  
 Springing from celestial love,  
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
 And all fear of drought remove.

4 Who can faint, while such a river  
    Ever flows their thirst t' assuage ?  
Grace which, like the Lord the giver,  
    Never fails from age to age.

5 Round each habitation hov'ring,  
    See the cloud and fire appear,  
For a glory and a cov'ring,  
    Showing that the Lord is near !

6 Thus deriving from their banner  
    Light by night and shade by day,  
Sweetly they enjoy the Spirit,  
    Which he gives them when they pray.

7 Blest inhabitants of Zion,  
    Purchas'd with the Saviour's blood ;  
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,  
    Makes them Kings and Priests to God.

8 While in love his people raises,  
    With himself, to reign as kings ;  
All as Priests, his solemn praises  
    Each for a thank-off'ring brings.

9 Saviour—since of Zion's city  
    I through grace a member am—  
Though the world despise and pity,  
    I will glory in thy name.

10 Fading are all worldly treasures,  
 With their boasted pomp and show;  
 Heavenly joys and lasting pleasures,  
 None but Zion's children know.

HYMN 4. (L. M.)

- 1 The time is nigh, that happy time,  
 That great, expected, blessed day,  
 When countless thousands of our race  
 Shall dwell with Christ, and him obey.
- 2 The prophecies must be fulfill'd,  
 Though earth and hell should dare oppose;  
 The stone out of the mountain cut,  
 Though unobserv'd, a Kingdom grows.
- 3 Soon shall the blended image fall,  
 Brass, silver, iron, gold, and clay ;  
 And superstition's dreadful reign,  
 To light and liberty give way.
- 4 In one sweet symphony of praise,  
 The Jews and Gentiles will unite ;  
 And infidelity, o'ercome,  
 Return again to endless night.
- 5 From east to west, from north to south,  
 The Saviour's Kingdom shall extend,

And ev'ry man, in every place,  
Shall meet a brother and a friend.

HYMN 5. (C. M.)

- 1 Great is the Lord! 'tis good to praise  
His high and holy name:  
Well may the Saints in latter days  
His wondrous love proclaim.
- 2 To praise him let us all engage,  
That unto us is given,  
To live in this momentous age,  
And share the light of heaven.
- 3 We'll praise him for our happy lot  
On this much-favour'd land,  
Where truth and righteousness are taught  
By his divine command.
- 4 We'll praise him for more glorious things  
Than language can express—  
The Everlasting Gospel brings  
The humble soul to bliss.
- 5 The Comforter is sent again—  
His power the Church attends,  
And with the faithful will remain,  
Till Jesus Christ descends.

6 We'll praise him for a Prophet's voice,  
 His people's steps to guide :  
 In this we do and will rejoice,  
 Though all the world deride.

7 Praise him—the time, the chosen time,  
 To favour Zion's come ;  
 And all the Saints, from ev'ry clime,  
 Will soon be gather'd home.

8 The opening seals announce the day,  
 By Prophets long declar'd,  
 When all, in one triumphant lay,  
 Will join to praise the Lord.

## HYMN 6. (S. M.)

1 See ! all creation join  
 To praise th' eternal God :  
 The heav'ly hosts begin the song,  
 And sound his name abroad.

2 The sun with golden beams,  
 And moon with silver rays,  
 The starry lights and twinkling flames,  
 Shine to their Maker's praise.

3 He built those worlds above,  
 And fix'd their wondrous frame ;

By his command they stand or move,  
And always speak his fame.

4 The fleecy clouds that rise,  
Or falling showers, or snow ;  
The thunder rolling round the skies,  
His power and glory show.

5 The broad expanse on high,  
With all the heavens afford ;  
The lightning's fire that streaks the sky,  
Unite to praise the Lord.

CHORUS.

By all that shines above,  
His glory is express'd ;  
But Saints who know his endless love,  
Should sing his praises best.

HYMN 7. (4-6 & 2-8.)

1 O, happy souls who pray  
Where God appoints to hear !  
O, happy Saints who pay  
Their constant service there !  
    We'll praise him still,  
    And happy we  
    Who love the way  
    To Zion's hill.

2 No burning heats by day,  
 Nor blasts of evening air,  
 Shall take our health away,  
 If God be with us there :

He is our sun,  
 And he our shade  
 To guard the head  
 By night or noon.

3 God is the only Lord,  
 Our shield and our defence :  
 With gifts his hands are stor'd ;  
 We draw our blessings thence.

He will bestow  
 On Jacob's race  
 Peculiar grace,  
 And glory too.

HYMN 8. (7's.)

1 Praise to God, immortal praise,  
 For the love that crowns our days.  
 Bounteous source of ev'ry joy,  
 Let thy praise our tongues employ.

2 For the blessings of the field,  
 For the stores the gardens yield,  
 For the vine's exalted juice,  
 For the gen'rous olive's use ;

3 Flocks that whiten all the plain,  
 Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain,  
 Clouds that drop their fat'ning dews,  
 Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse.

4 All that spring with bounteous hand  
 Scatters o'er the smiling land,  
 All that lib'ral autumn pours  
 From its rich o'erflowing stores.

5 Thanks to thee, our God we owe,  
 Source from whence all blessings flow !  
 And for these our souls shall raise  
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.

## HYMN 9. (C. M.)

1 We're not ashamed to own our Lord,  
 And worship him on earth ;  
 We love to learn his holy word,  
 And know what souls are worth.

2 When Jesus comes in burning flame,  
 Then, to reward the just,  
 The world will know the only name  
 In which the Saints can trust.

3 When he comes down from heaven to earth,  
 With all his holy band,

Before creation's second birth,  
We hope with him to stand:

4 Then will he give us a "New Name,"  
With Robes of Righteousness,  
And in the "New Jerusalem,"  
Eternal happiness.

HYMN 10. (C. M.)

1 Joy to the world ! the Lord will come !  
And earth receive her King—  
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,  
And Saints and Angels sing.

2 Rejoice ! rejoice ! when Jesus reigns,  
And Saints their songs employ ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and  
plains,  
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more will sin and sorrow grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground ;  
He'll come and make the blessing flow  
Far as the curse was found.

4 Rejoice ! rejoice in the Most High !  
While Israel spreads abroad,  
Like stars that glitter in the sky,  
And ever worship God.

## HYMN 11. (4-6 &amp; 2-8)

- 1 To Him that made the world,  
The sun, the moon, and stars,  
And all that in them is,  
With days, and months, and years :  
    To Him who died,  
    That we might live,  
    Our thanks and songs  
    We freely give.
- 2 Our hope in things to come,  
The Spirit's quick'ning power,  
Should turn our hearts to Him,  
Where heavenly blessings are ;  
    That we may sing  
    Of things above,  
    And always know  
    That God is love.
- 3 When he comes down in heaven  
And earth again is blest,  
Then all the heirs of him  
Will find their promis'd rest.  
    With all the just  
    Then they may sing,  
    God is with us,  
    And we with him.

## HYMN 12. (L. M.)

- 1 Ere long the veil will rend in twain,  
The King descend with all his train ;  
The earth shall shake with awful fright,  
And all creation feel his might.
- 2 The trump of God, it long shall sound,  
And raise the nations under ground ;  
Throughout the vast domains of heaven,  
The voice echo, the sound be given—
- 3 Lift up your heads, ye Saints, in peace,  
The Saviour comes for your release,  
The day of the redeem'd has come,  
The Saints shall all be welcom'd home.
- 4 Behold the Church ! it soars on high,  
To meet the Saints amid the sky,  
To hail the King in clouds of fire,  
And strike and tune th' immortal lyre.
- 5 Hosannah ! now the trump shall sound,  
Proclaim the joys of heaven around,  
When all the Saints together join  
In songs of love, and all divine.
- 6 With Enoch, here we all shall meet,  
And worship at Messiah's feet ;

Unite our hands and hearts in love,  
And reign on thrones with Christ above.

7 The city that was seen of old,  
Whose walls were jasper, streets were  
gold,  
We'll now inherit, thron'd in might—  
The Father and the Son's delight.

8 Celestial crowns we shall receive,  
And glories great our God shall give ;  
While loud hosannas we'll proclaim,  
And sound aloud our Saviour's name.

9 Our hearts and tongues shall join in one,  
A loud hosanna to proclaim ;  
While all the heavens shall shout again,  
And all creation say, Amen.

HYMN 13. (S. M.)

1 Let sinners take their course,  
And choose the road to death ;  
But in the worship of my God,  
I'll spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address his throne,  
When morning brings the light ;  
I seek his blessing ev'ry noon,  
And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,  
O my Eternal God !  
While sinners perish in surprise,  
Beneath thine angry rod.

4 Because they dwell at ease,  
And no sad changes feel,  
They neither fear nor trust thy name,  
Nor learn to do thy will.

5 But I, with all my cares,  
Will lean upon the Lord ;  
I'll cast my burdens on his arm,  
And rest upon his word.

6 His arm shall well sustain  
The children of his love ;  
The ground on which their safety stands,  
No earthly power can move.

## HYMN 14. (C. M.)

1 Come, all ye Saints who dwell on earth,  
Your cheerful voices raise,  
Our great Redeemer's love to sing,  
And celebrate his praise.

2 His love is great, he died for us,  
 Shall we ungrateful be ?  
 Since he has marked a road to bliss,  
 And said, Come, follow me.

3 The straight and narrow way we've found !  
 Then let us travel on,  
 Till we in the celestial world  
 Shall meet, where Christ is gone.

4 And there we 'll join the heavenly choir,  
 And sing his praise above,  
 While endless ages roll around,  
 Perfected by his love.

## HYMN 15. (L. M.)

1 God spake the word, and time began ;  
 He spake, and gave His law to man ;  
 His presence oft did Adam cheer,  
 Who lov'd the voice of God to hear.

2 But by and bye the scene was chang'd,  
 Our parents broke the Lord's command ;  
 They lost their innocence, and fled  
 Among the trees, and strove to hide

3 From God their Father; but in vain,  
 For soon the Lord appear'd again,  
 And call'd to Adam in the wood,  
 Who felt condemn'd, and trembling stood.

4 So wicked men, in ev'ry age,  
 Far from the God of heaven have stray'd,  
 Till near six thousand years have fled,  
 And left the world with faith that's dead.

5 By faith the ancients sought the Lord,  
 From time to time obtain'd his word :  
 Not only they, but so may we,  
 When faith and works do both agree.

6 From Adam to the present day,  
 Many have sought a righteous way ;  
 And some have found the narrow road,  
 And, Enoch-like, have walked with God.

7 In ev'ry age God is the same ;  
 But men, they change from time to time ;  
 While sinners take the downward road,  
 The man of faith approaches God.

8 Experience and the word agree—  
 Draw nigh to God, He'll draw nigh thee ;  
 Then are they wise, who do deny  
 The works of faith beneath the sky ?

## HYMN 16. (C. M.)

- 1 Mortals, awake ! with angels join,  
And chant the solemn lay ;  
Love, joy, and gratitude combine,  
To hail th' auspicious day.
- 2 In heaven the rapt'rous song began,  
And sweet seraphic fire  
Through all the shining legions ran,  
And swept the sounding lyre.
- 3 The theme, the song, the joy was new  
To each angelic tongue ;  
Swift through the realms of light it flew,  
And loud the echo rung.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky  
The pealing anthems ran,  
And angels flew with eager joy  
To bear the news to man.
- 5 Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,  
And glory leads the song,  
Peace and salvation swell the note  
Of all the heavenly throng.

6 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,  
 " Glory to God on high ;  
 Good will and peace are now complete ;  
 Jesus was born to die."

7 Hail ! Prince of Life, for ever hail !  
 Redeemer, Brother, Friend !  
 Though earth, and time, and life should fail,  
 Thy praise shall never end.

HYMN 17. (4-11's.)

1 O Jesus ! the giver  
 Of all we enjoy,  
 Our lives to thy honour  
 We wish to employ ;  
 With praises unceasing  
 We'll sing of thy name,  
 Thy goodness increasing,  
 Thy love we'll proclaim.

2 With joy we remember  
 The dawn of that day,  
 When cold as December  
 In darkness we lay !  
 The sweet invitation  
 We heard with surprise,  
 And witness'd salvation  
 To flow from the skies.

3 The wonderful name  
 Of our Jesus we'll sing,  
 And publish the fame  
 Of our Captain and King :  
 With sweet exultation  
 His goodness we prove,  
 His name is salvation,  
 His nature is love.

4 We now are enlisted  
 In Jesus' bless'd cause,  
 Divinely assisted  
 To conquer our foes ;  
 His grace will support us  
 Till conflicts are o'er,  
 He then will escort us  
 To Zion's bright shore.

## HYMN 18. (C. M.)

1 Beloved brethren ! sing His praise  
 Who form'd the worlds on high ;  
 Who taught the planets where to trace  
 Their orbits through the sky.

2 O sing the fervour of his love,  
 The wonders of his grace,  
 Who sent the Saviour from above  
 To save a dying race.

3 In songs declare the works and ways  
    Of our Eternal God,  
Whose Kingdom in these latter days,  
    Is spreading far abroad.

4 In Zion let his name be prais'd,  
    Who has a feast prepar'd,  
The glorious Gospel standard rais'd,  
    The ancient faith restor'd.

5 Swift heralds, the glad news to bear  
    O'er land and ocean, fly,  
And to the wond'ring world declare  
    The message from on high.

6 Ye nations of the earth attend !  
    Let kings and princes hear,  
And let the powers of darkness bend—  
    Messiah's reign is near !

7 The Saviour comes ! ye Saints ! be pure,  
    And fix your hearts on high ;  
Lift up your heads, rejoice, for your  
    Redemption draweth nigh.

8 Sing, brethren ! sing, in strains divine ;  
    Let all your voices raise ;  
Let heaven and earth their anthems join,  
    In these the latter days.

## HYMN 19. (L. M.)

- 1 Arise ! arise ! with joy survey  
The glory of the latter day—  
Already is the dawn begun,  
Which marks at hand a rising sun !
- 2 Behold the way ! ye heralds cry ;  
Spare not, but lift your voices high ;  
Convey the sound from pole to pole,  
Glad tidings to the captive soul.
- 3 Behold the way to Zion's hill,  
Where Israel's God delights to dwell !  
He fixes there his lofty throne,  
And calls the sacred place his own.
- 4 The north gives up—the south no more  
Keeps back her consecrated store ;  
From east to west the message runs,  
And either India yields her sons.
- 5 Auspicious dawn—thy rising ray  
With joy we view, and hail the day.  
Great Sun of Righteousness ! arise,  
And fill the world with glad surprise.

## HYMN 20. (6-8's)

- 1 The Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye ;  
My noon-day walks he shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,  
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads ;  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;  
Thy friendly rod shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.
- 4 Though in a bare and rugged way,  
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,  
Thy presence shall my pains beguile ;  
The barren wilderness shall smile,  
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,  
And streams shall murmur all around.

## HYMN 21. (C. M.)

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way,  
    His wonders to perform;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
    And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
    Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
    And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful Saints, fresh courage take !  
    The clouds ye so much dread,  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
    In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
    But trust him for his grace;  
Behind a frowning providence  
    He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
    Unfolding ev'ry hour—  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
    But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
    And scan his work in vain :  
God is his own interpreter,  
    And he will make it plain.

## HYMN 22. (7's &amp; 6's.)

1 Arise, O glorious Zion,  
 Thou joy of latter days,  
 Whom countless Saints rely on,  
 To gain a resting place ;  
 Arise, and shine in splendour,  
 Amid the world's deep night,  
 For God, thy sure defender,  
 Is now thy life and light.

2 Let faithful Saints be rearing  
 The city of our Lord,  
 On mountain tops appearing,  
 According to his word—  
 A sought-out habitation,  
 By men of truth and faith,  
 A covert of salvation  
 From ignorance and death.

3 The Temple long expected,  
 Shall stand on Zion's hill,  
 By willing hearts erected,  
 Who love Jehovah's will ;  
 Let earth, her wealth bestowing,  
 Adorn his holy seat,  
 For nations great shall flow in,  
 To worship at his feet.

4 What though the world in malice,  
 Despise these mighty things,  
 We'll build the Royal Palace,  
 To serve the King of kings ;  
 Where holy men, anointed  
 To know his sov'reign will,  
 Each ordinance appointed  
 To save us, will reveal.

5 From Zion's favour'd dwelling  
 The Gospel issues forth,  
 The covenant revealing  
 To gather all the earth ;  
 And Saints the message bringing  
 To all the sons of men,  
 With the redeem'd shall, singing,  
 To Zion come again.

6 Oh ! hear the proclamation,  
 And fly as on the wind !  
 For righteous indignation  
 Shall desolate mankind !  
 Then, Zion, men shall prize thee,  
 And bow before thy shrine ;  
 And they who now despise thee,  
 Shall own thy light divine.

7 Through painful tribulation,  
 We walk the narrow road,  
 And many a temptation,  
 To gain that blest abode ;

But patient, firm endurance,  
 With glory in our view—  
 The Spirit's bright assurance  
 Will bring us conquerors through.

8 Oh ! grant, Eternal Father,  
 That we may faithful be,  
 With all the just to gather,  
 And thy salvation see !  
 Then with the hosts of heaven  
 We'll sing th' immortal theme—  
 To him be glory given,  
 Whose blood did us redeem !

HYMN 23. (C. M.)

1 O ! happy is the man who hears  
 Instruction's warning voice,  
 And who celestial wisdom makes,  
 His early, only choice.

2 For she has treasures, greater far  
 Than east or west unfold ;  
 And her rewards more precious are,  
 Than all their stores of gold.

3 In her right hand she holds to view,  
 A length of happy days ;  
 Riches, with splendid honours join'd,  
 Are what her left displays.

4 She guides the young with innocence,  
 In pleasure's paths to tread ;  
 A crown of glory she bestows  
 Upon the hoary head.

5 According as her labours rise,  
 So her rewards increase ;  
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
 And all her paths are peace.

HYMN. 24. (L. M.)

1 Peace, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear,  
 Thy Great Provider still is near :  
 Who fed thee last will feed thee still—  
 Be calm and seek to do his will.

2 The Lord, who built the earth and sky,  
 In mercy stoops to hear thy cry ;  
 His promise all may freely claim,  
 “Ask, and receive, in Jesus' name.”

3 His stores are open all, and free,  
 To such as truly upright be ;  
 Water and bread he'll give for food,  
 With all things else which he sees good.

4 Your sacred hairs, which are so small,  
 By God himself are number'd all :  
 This truth he 's published all abroad,  
 That men may learn to trust the Lord.

5 The ravens daily he doth feed,  
And sends them food as they have need ;  
Although they nothing have in store,  
Yet as they lack he gives them more.

6 Then do not seek, with anxious care,  
What ye shall eat, or drink, or wear,  
Your heavenly Father will you feed ;  
He knows that all these things you need.

7 Without reserve give Christ your heart ;  
Let him his righteousness impart ;  
Then all things else he 'll freely give—  
With him you all things shall receive.

8 Thus shall the soul be truly blest,  
That seeks in God his only rest ;  
May I that happy person be,  
In time and in eternity.

## HYMN 25. (8's &amp; 7's.)

1 Softly beams the sacred dawning,  
Of the great Millennial morn,  
And to Saints gives welcome warning  
That the day is hastening on.

2 Splendid rising o'er the mountains,  
Glowing with celestial cheer,  
Streaming from eternal fountains,  
Rays of living light appear.

3 Swiftly flee the clouds of darkness,  
Speedily the mists retire,  
Nature's universal blackness  
Is consum'd by heavenly fire.

4 Yes, the fair sabbatic era,  
When the world will be at rest,  
Rapidly is drawing nearer—  
Then all Israel will be blest.

5 Odours sweet the air perfuming,  
Verdure of the purest green ;  
In primeval beauty blooming,  
Will our native earth be seen.

6 At the resurrection morning,  
We shall all appear as one ;  
O ! what robes of bright adorning,  
Will the righteous then put on.

7 Eye 's not seen the untold treasures  
Which the Father hath in store,  
Teeming with surpassing pleasures,  
Even life for evermore.

8 Mourn no longer, Saints beloved,  
Brave the dangers, no retreat ;  
Neither let your hearts be moved,  
Scorn the trials you may meet.

## HYMN 26. (6-7's.)

- 1 **Hark ! ye mortals.** Hist ! be still,  
Voices from Cumorah's hill  
Break the silence of the tomb,  
Penetrate the dreadful gloom,  
Gently whisper—All is well,  
Now 's the day of Israel.
- 2 **Now the Gentile reign is o'er,**  
Darkness covers earth no more ;  
Now shall Zion rise and shine,  
Fill the world with light divine ;  
Angels join—the tidings tell—  
Now 's the day of Israel.
- 3 **Thrones shall totter, Babel fall,**  
Satan reign no more at all,  
Saints shall gain the victory,  
Truth prevail o'er land and sea,  
Gentile tyrants sink to hell,  
Now 's the day of Israel.
- 4 **Jesus soon shall come again,**  
Saints with him shall rise and reign,  
Heaven and earth in songs combine,  
All the worlds in chorus join,  
Ev'ry tongue the music swell,  
Now 's the day of Israel.

5 Ghastly death shall conquer'd be,  
 Zion reign, and Saints be free,  
 Priests and Kings shall join in love,  
 Fill the worlds below—above—  
 Singing anthems, all is well,  
 Now 's the day of Israel.

HYMN 27. (8, 8, 6.)

1 Be it my only wisdom here  
 To serve the Lord with filial fear,  
 With loving gratitude.  
 Superior sense may I display,  
 By shunning every evil way,  
 And walking in the good.

2 O ! may I still from sin depart ;  
 A wise and understanding heart,  
 Jesus, to me be given ;  
 And let me through thy spirit know  
 To glorify my God below,  
 And find my way to heaven.

HYMN 28. (S. M.)

1 Come, ye that love the Lord,  
 And let your joys be known ;  
 Join in a song with sweet accord,  
 While ye surround the throne :

2 Let those refuse to sing,  
 Who never knew our God ;  
 But servants of the heavenly King,  
 May speak their joys abroad.

3 The God that rules on high,  
 That all the earth surveys,  
 That rides upon the stormy sky,  
 And calms the roaring seas,

4 This mighty God is ours,  
 Our Father and our Love ;  
 He will send down his heavenly powers,  
 To carry us above.

5 There we shall see his face,  
 And never, never sin ;  
 There, from the rivers of his grace,  
 Drink endless pleasures in.

6 Yea, and before we rise  
 To that immortal state,  
 The thoughts of such amazing bliss,  
 Should constant joys create.

7 The men of grace have found  
 Glory begun below ;  
 Celestial fruit, on earthly ground,  
 From faith and hope may grow.

8 Then let our songs abound,  
 And every tear be dry ;  
 We're marching through Immanuel's  
 ground  
 To fairer worlds on high.

## HYMN 29. (8's. &amp; 7's.)

1 What was witness'd in the heavens ?  
 Why, an angel, earthly bound.  
 Had he something with him bringing ?  
 Yes—the Gospel—joyful sound !  
 It was to be preach'd in power  
 Upon earth—the angel said—  
 To all men, all tongues, and nations,  
 That upon its face are spread.

2 Had we not before the Gospel ?  
 Yes—had sev'ral taught by men.  
 Then what is this latter Gospel ?  
 'Tis the first one come again.  
 This was preach'd by Paul and Peter,  
 And by Jesus Christ, the head ;  
 This we Latter Saints are preaching—  
 We their footsteps wish to tread.

3 Where so long has been the Gospel ?  
 Did it never fall away ?  
 What became of those neglected ?  
 God is just—that's all we say.

Seek no crop where 'twas not planted,  
 Nor a day where reigns the night—  
 Now the sunshine bright is beaming,  
 Let all creatures see aright.

## HYMN 30. (L. M.)

- 1 Happy the man that finds the grace,  
 The blessings of God's chosen race,  
 The wisdom coming from above,  
 The faith that sweetly works by love.
- 2 Happy beyond description he  
 Who knows, "The Saviour died for me ;"  
 The gift unspeakable obtains,  
 And heavenly understanding gains.
- 3 Wisdom divine ! Who tells the price  
 Of Wisdom's costly merchandize ?  
 Wisdom to silver, we prefer,  
 And gold is dross compar'd to her.
- 4 Her hands are fill'd with length of days,  
 True riches and immortal praise ;  
 Riches of Christ, on all bestow'd,  
 And honour that descends from God.

5 To purest joys she all invites,  
 Chaste, holy, spiritual delights ;  
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
 And all her flowery paths are peace.

6 Happy the man who wisdom gains,  
 Thrice happy who his guest retains—  
 He owns, and shall for ever own,  
 Wisdom and Christ and heaven are one.

## HYMN 31. (L. M.)

1 Happy the souls that first believ'd,  
 To Jesus and each other cleav'd,  
 Join'd by the unction from above,  
 In mystic fellowship of love.

2 Meek, simple foll'wers of the Lamb,  
 They liv'd, and spake, and thought the  
     same ;  
 They joyfully conspir'd to raise  
 Their ceaseless sacrifice of praise.

3 With grace abundantly endued,  
 A pure, believing multitude ;  
 They all were of one heart and soul,  
 And only love inspir'd the whole.

4 Oh ! what an age of golden days !  
 Oh ! what a choice, peculiar race !  
 Wash'd in the Lamb's all-cleansing blood,  
 Anointed Kings and Priests to God.

5 Where shall I wander now to find  
 Successors they have left behind ?  
 The faithful, whom I seek in vain,  
 Are 'minish'd from the sons of men.

6 Ye diff'rent sects, who all declare,  
 "Lo ! here is Christ," or "Christ is there !"  
 Your stronger proofs divinely give,  
 And show me where the Christians live.

## HYMN 32. (L. M.)

1 Jesus, from whom all blessings flow,  
 Great builder of thy Church below,  
 If now thy spirit moves my breast,  
 Hear, and fulfil thine own request !

2 The few that truly call thee Lord,  
 And wait thy sanctifying word,  
 And thee their utmost Saviour own,  
 Unite and perfect them in one.

3 O ! let them all thy mind express,  
Stand forth thy chosen witnesses,  
Thy power unto salvation show,  
And perfect holiness below.

4 In them let all mankind behold  
How Christians liv'd in days of old—  
Mighty their envious foes to move,  
A proverb of reproach and love.

5 Call them into thy wondrous light,  
Worthy to walk with thee in white !  
Make up thy jewels, Lord, and show  
The glorious, spotless Church below.

6 From every sinful wrinkle free,  
Redeem'd from all iniquity,  
The fellowship of Saints make known,  
And, O my God, might I be one.

7 Oh ! might my lot be cast with these,  
The least of Jesus' witnesses ;  
Oh ! That my Lord would count me meet  
To wash his dear disciples' feet.

8 This only thing do I require,  
Thou know'st 'tis all my heart's desire,  
Freely what I receive, to give,  
The servant of thy Church to live.

9 After my lowly Lord I go,  
 And wait upon thy Saints below ;  
 Enjoy the grace to angels given,  
 And serve the royal heirs of heaven.

10 Lord, if I now thy drawings feel,  
 And ask according to thy will,  
 Confirm the prayer, the seal impart,  
 And speak the answer to my heart.

11 Tell me, or thou shalt never go—  
 “ Thy prayer is heard ; it shall be so ! ”  
 The word hath passed thy lips, and I  
 Shall with thy people live and die.

## HYMN 33. (C. M.)

1 How will the Saints rejoice to tell !  
 And count their suff'rings o'er,  
 When they upon Mount Zion dwell,  
 And view the landscape o'er.

2 There, they will see, upon that land,  
 Fair Zion from above,  
 And meet with Enoch's holy band,  
 And sing redeeming love.

3 There, no more sickness, pain, or woe,  
 Shall mar their peaceful rest,  
 For God shall wipe away their tears,  
 And comfort the opprest.

4 O may I see that glorious day,  
 And join with all the blest,  
 To sing aloud the Saviour's praise,  
 And enter into rest.

HYMN 34. (S. M. D.)

1 Ye simple souls that stray  
 Far from the path of peace—  
 That unfrequented, lonely way  
 To life and happiness—  
 Why will ye folly love,  
 And throng the downward road,  
 And hate the wisdom from above,  
 And mock the sons of God ?

2 Madness and misery,  
 Ye count our life beneath ;  
 And nothing great or good can see,  
 Or glorious in our death.  
 As only born to grieve,  
 Beneath your feet we lie,  
 And utterly contemn'd we live,  
 And unlamented die.

3 So wretched and obscure,  
The men whom ye despise,  
So foolish, impotent, and poor,  
Above your scorn we rise.  
We, through the Holy Ghost,  
Can witness better things ;  
For he, whose blood is all our boast,  
Hath made us Priests and Kings.

4 Riches unsearchable  
In Jesus' love we know ;  
And pleasures, springing from the well  
Of life, our souls o'erflow.  
The spirit we receive  
Of wisdom, grace, and power ;  
And, always sorrowful, we live  
Rejoicing evermore.

5 Angels our servants are,  
And keep in all our ways ;  
And in their watchful hands they bear  
The sacred sons of grace ;  
Unto that heavenly bliss,  
They all our steps attend,  
And God himself our Father is,  
And Jesus is our friend.

6 With him we walk in white,  
We in his image shine,  
Our robes are robes of glorious light,  
Our righteousness divine.

On all the kings of earth,  
 With pity we look down ;  
 And claim, in virtue of our birth,  
 A never-fading crown.

HYMN 35. (2-6 4 & 3-6 4. *Iambic.*)

*Tune—“GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.”*

1 Oh, Lord ! thy people bless,  
 Arm them with holiness—  
     Hear us, we pray.  
 When troubles bow them down,  
 When friends upon them frown !  
 Oh, Lord ! preserve thine own—  
     Hear us, we pray.

2 When dread diseases are,  
 Make them thy special care ;  
     Thy power display.  
 Stretch forth thine arm of love,  
 Let all the faithful prove  
 They have a friend above—  
     Hear us, we pray.

3 When crossing o'er the deep,  
 Thy flock in safety keep  
     From every harm ;  
 When winds and waves roll high,  
 When clouds o'erspread the sky,  
 Be thou for ever nigh—  
     Hear us, we pray.

4 When nations rush to war,  
 When men begin to fear,  
     Be near them then ;  
 Bid angels guard their way,  
 Watch o'er them day by day,  
 Nor let their footsteps stray.  
     E'en so. Amen.

## HYMN 36. (C. M.)

1 Ye Saints who dwell on Europe's shore,  
     Let not your hearts be faint,  
 Let each press on to things before,  
     And be indeed a Saint.

2 Although the present time may seem,  
     O'erspread with clouds of gloom,  
 The light of faith will shed its gleam,  
     Until deliv'rance come.

3 Hold fast the things you have receiv'd,  
     Be faithful in the Lord ;  
 You know in whom you have believ'd—  
     He 's faithful to his word.

4 Your brethren in America,  
     Are one in heart with you ;  
 And they are toiling night and day,  
     For Zion's welfare, too.

5 They even now are driven forth,  
 To track the wilderness !  
 They leave the country of their birth,  
 For truth and righteousness.

6 But there's a day—'tis near at hand—  
 A day of joy and peace !  
 That day will break oppression's band,  
 And bring the Saints release.

7 Then brethren haste, and gather up,  
 We shall rejoice to meet ;  
 When we have drunk the bitter cup,  
 We'll share a heavenly treat.

8 And even now the Lord bestows  
 More, more than tongue can tell,  
 Of that which from his presence flows—  
 Yes, brethren, all is well.

## HYMN 37. (4-6 &amp; 2-8.)

1 Let earth and heaven agree,  
 Angels and men be join'd, \*  
 To celebrate, with me,  
 The Saviour of mankind ;  
 T' adore the all-atoning Lamb,  
 And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

2 Jesus ! transporting sound !  
The joy of earth and heaven ;  
No other help is found,  
No other name is given,  
By which we can salvation have ;  
But Jesus came the world to save.

3 Jesus ! harmonious name !  
It charms the hosts above ;  
They evermore proclaim,  
And wonder at his love ;  
'Tis all their happiness to gaze :  
'Tis heaven to see our Jesus' face.

4 His name the sinner hears,  
And is from sin set free ;  
'Tis music in his ears,  
'Tis life and victory ;  
New songs do now his lips employ,  
And dances his glad heart for joy.

5 Stung by the scorpion, sin,  
My poor, expiring soul  
The balmy sound drinks in,  
And is at once made whole ;  
See there my Lord upon the tree !  
I hear, I feel, he died for me.

6 O, unexampled love !  
 O, all redeeming grace !  
 How swiftly thou dost move  
 To save a fallen race !  
 What shall I do to make it known  
 What thou for all mankind hast done ?

7 O ! for a trumpet voice,  
 On all the world to call,  
 To bid their hearts rejoice  
 In him who died for all !  
 For all, my Lord was crucified !  
 For all, for all, my Saviour died !

## HYMN 38. (C. M.)

1 Jesus, thou all-redeeming Lord,  
 Thy blessing we implore ;  
 Open the door to preach thy word,  
 The great, effectual door.

2 Gather the outcasts in, and save  
 From sin and Satan's power ;  
 And let them now acceptance have,  
 And know their gracious hour.

3 Lover of souls, thou know'st to prize  
 What thou hast bought so dear ;  
 Come, then, and in thy people's eyes,  
 With all thy wounds, appear.

HYMN 39. (3-5 11 & 3-6 12. *Anapæstic.*)

1 Come, let us anew, our journey pursue,  
 Roll round with the year,  
 And never stand still till the Master  
 appear.  
 His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,  
 And our talents improve,  
 By the patience of hope, and the labour  
 of love.

2 Our life as a dream, our time as a stream,  
 Glides swiftly away,  
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.  
 The arrow is flown, the moments are gone,  
 The Millennial year  
 Presses on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 O that each in the day of his coming may  
 say,  
 "I have fought my way through,  
 I have finish'd the work thou didst give  
 me to do."  
 O that each from his Lord may receive  
 the glad word,  
 "Well and faithfully done;  
 Enter into my joy, and sit down on my  
 throne."

## HYMN 40. (7's D.)

1 Who are these array'd in white,  
Brighter than the noon-day sun?  
Foremost of the sons of light,  
Nearest the eternal throne?  
These are they that bore the cross,  
Nobly for their Master stood,  
Suff'rors in his righteous cause,  
Foll'wers of the dying God.

2 Out of great distress they came,  
Wash'd their robes by faith below,  
In the blood of yonder Lamb—  
Blood that washes white as snow.  
Therefore are they next the throne,  
Serve their Maker day and night—  
God resides among his own,  
God doth in his Saints delight.

3 More than conquerors at last,  
Here they find their trials o'er;  
They have all their suff'rings past,  
Hunger now and thirst no more,  
No excessive heat they feel  
From the sun's directer ray,  
In a milder clime they dwell—  
Region of eternal day.

4 He that on the throne doth reign,  
 Them, the Lamb shall always feed,  
 With the tree of life sustain,  
 To the living fountains lead ;  
 He shall all their sorrows chase,  
 All their wants at once remove,  
 Wipe the tears from every face,  
 Fill up every soul with love.

## HYMN 41. (S. M.)

1 Spirit of Faith, come down,  
 Reveal the things of God,  
 And make to us the Godhead known,  
 And witness with the blood.

2 'Tis thine the blood t' apply,  
 And give us eyes to see,  
 Who did for every sinner die,  
 Hath surely died for me.

3 No man can truly say  
 That Jesus is the Lord,  
 Unless thou take the veil away,  
 And breathe the living word.

4 Then, only then, we feel  
 Our int'rest in his blood,  
 And cry, with joy unspeakable,  
 "Thou art my Lord, my God!"

5 O ! that the world might know  
The all-atoning Lamb !  
Spirit of Faith ! descend and show  
The virtue of his name.

6 The grace which all may find,  
The saving power, impart,  
And testify to all mankind,  
And speak in every heart.

7 Inspire the living faith,  
Which whosoe'er receives,  
The witness in himself he hath,  
And consciously believes ;

8 The faith that conquers all,  
And doth the mountain move,  
And saves whoe'er on Jesus call,  
And perfects them in love.

## HYMN 42. (C. M.)

1 Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,  
Let us thine influence prove ;  
Source of the old prophetic fire,  
Fountain of Light and Love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost—for mov'd by thee  
The prophets wrote and spoke—  
Unlock the truth, thyself the key,  
Unseal the sacred book.

3 Expand thy wings, celestial dove,  
 Brood o'er our nature's night,  
 On our disorder'd spirits move,  
 And let there now be light.

4 God, through himself, we then shall know,  
 If thou within us shine ;  
 And sound, with all thy Saints below,  
 The depth of love divine.

## HYMN 43. (6-8's.)

1 Inspirer of the ancient Seers,  
 Who wrote from thee the sacred page,  
 The same through all succeeding years,  
 To us in our degen'rate age,  
 The spirit of thy word impart,  
 And breathe the life into our heart.

2 While now thine oracles we read,  
 With earnest prayer and strong desire,  
 O let thy spirit now proceed,  
 Our souls to waken and inspire ;  
 Our weakness help, our darkness chase,  
 And guide us by the light of grace !

3 Whene'er in error's paths we rove,  
 The living God through sin forsake,

Our conscience by thy word reprove,  
 Convince, and bring the wand'ers back ;  
 Deep wounded by the spirit's sword,  
 And then by Gilead's balm restor'd.

4 The sacred lessons of thy grace,  
 Transmitted through thy word, repeat ;  
 And train us up in all thy ways,  
 To make us in thy will complete ;  
 Fulfil thy love's redeeming plan,  
 And bring us to a perfect man.

5 Furnish'd out of thy treasury,  
 O may we always ready stand  
 To help the souls redeem'd by thee,  
 In what their various states demand ;  
 To teach, convince, correct, reprove,  
 And build them up in holiest love !

HYMN 44. (L. M.)

1 Author of faith, eternal Word,  
 Whose spirit breathes the active flame—  
 Faith, like its finisher and Lord,  
 To-day as yesterday the same.

2 To thee our humble hearts aspire,  
 And ask the gifts unspeakable ;

Increase in us the kindled fire,  
 In us the work of faith fulfil.

3 By faith we know thee strong to save—  
 Save us, a present Saviour thou—  
 Whate'er we hope, by faith we have,  
 Future and past subsisting now.

4 To him that in thy name believes,  
 Eternal life with thee is given,  
 Into himself he all receives,  
 Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

5 The things unknown to feeble sense,  
 Unseen by reason's glimm'ring ray,  
 With strong commanding evidence,  
 Their heavenly origin display.

6 Faith lends its realizing light,  
 The clouds disperse, the shadows fly,  
 Th' invisible appears in sight,  
 And God is seen by mortal eye.

HYMN 45. (7's)

1 Give us room that we may dwell,  
 Zion's children cry aloud !  
 See their numbers, how they swell !  
 How they gather like a cloud.

2 Oh ! how bright the morning seems,  
 Brighter from so dark a night—  
 Zion is, like one that dreams,  
 Fill'd with wonder and delight.

3 Lo ! thy sun goes down no more,  
 God himself will be thy light ;  
 All that caus'd thee grief before,  
 Buried lies in endless night.

4 Zion, now arise and shine !  
 Lo ! thy light from heaven is come ;  
 These that crowd from far are thine—  
 Give thy sons and daughters room.

HYMN 46. (2-10, 3-8, & 3-6.)

1 Come, come, ye Saints, no toil nor labour  
 fear,  
 But with joy wend your way ;  
 Though hard to you this journey may ap-  
 pear,  
 Grace shall be as your day.  
 'Tis better far for us to strive,  
 Our useless cares from us to drive ;  
 Do this, and joy your hearts will swell—  
 All is well, all is well.

2 Why should we mourn, or think our lot  
 is hard ?  
 'Tis not so, all is right.

Why should we think to earn a great reward,

If we now shun the fight?

Gird up your loins, fresh courage take,  
Our God will never us forsake;

And soon we'll have this tale to tell—

All is well, all is well.

3 We'll find the place which God for us  
prepar'd,

Far away in the West;

Where none shall come to hurt or make  
afraid—

There the Saints will be blest.

We'll make the air with music ring,

Shout praises to our God and King,

Above the rest these words we'll tell—

All is well, all is well.

4 And should we die before our journey's  
through,

Happy day, all is well;

We then are free from toil and sorrow  
too,

With the just we shall dwell;

But if our lives are spar'd again,

To see the Saints their rest obtain,

Oh, how we'll make this chorus swell—

All is well, all is well.

## HYMN 47. (L. M.)

- 1 O Lord! responsive to thy call,  
In life or death, whate'er befall!  
Our hopes for bliss on thee depend;  
Thou art our everlasting Friend.
- 2 Though life be short, and trials seem  
To darken its protracted gleam;  
Though friends forsake, and foes contend,  
Thou art our everlasting Friend.
- 3 Death may distract our present joy,  
And all our present hopes destroy;  
Yet, these will in the future tend  
To prove thee still our faithful friend.
- 4 O let thy Spirit with us dwell,  
That we in future worlds may tell  
How we o'ercame, and, in the end,  
Made thee our everlasting Friend!

## HYMN 48. (8's &amp; 7's.)

- 1 Sweetly may the blessed Spirit,  
On each faithful bosom shine;  
May we every grace inherit—  
Lord we seek a boon divine.

2 Since thou tak'st delight in giving,  
 We would gladly ask and have ;  
 Gratefully each gift receiving,  
 In his name who died to save.

3 We would seek, t' obtain his favour,  
 Which is better far than gold ;  
 May his Gospel prove the savour  
 Of a life that 's ne'er been told.

4 Passing honours, transient pleasures,  
 Boasting joys for ever flown ;  
 May we seek to lay up treasures,  
 Where decay shall ne'er be known.

5 Saviour, to assist our weakness,  
 Let thy grace sufficient be ;  
 Bless with wisdom, and with meekness,  
 Till we full salvation see.

## HYMN 49. (C. M.)

1 My God, the spring of all my joys,  
 The life of my delights,  
 The glory of my brightest days,  
 And comfort of my nights !

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,  
 My dawning is begun ;  
 Thou art my soul's bright morning star,  
 And thou my rising sun.

3 The op'ning heavens around me shine  
 With beams of sacred bliss,  
 If Jesus shows his mercy mine,  
 And whispers, I am his !

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,  
 At that transporting word ;  
 Run up with joy the shining way,  
 To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
 I'll break through every foe ;  
 The wings of love and arms of faith  
 Would bear me conq'ror through.

HYMN 50. (L. M.)

1 Great God indulge my humble claim,  
 Thou art my hope—my joy—my rest ;  
 The glories that compose thy name,  
 Stand all engaged to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good—thou just and wise,  
 Thou art my Father, and my God ;  
 And I am thine, by sacred ties,  
 Thy son—thy servant, bought with blood.

3 With early feet I love t' appear  
 Among thy Saints, and seek thy face ;  
 Oft have I seen thy glory there,  
 And felt the power of sov'reign grace.

4 I'll lift my hands—I'll raise my voice,  
 While I have breath to pray or praise ;  
 This work shall make my heart rejoice,  
 Throughout the remnant of my days.

## HYMN 51. (8-7's)

1 Where the voice of friendship's heard,  
 Sounding like a sweet-ton'd bird ;  
 Where the holy notes inspire  
 With devotion's pure desire,  
 Where fond actions speak the soul,  
 Where true love finds no control,  
 Where the sons of God agree—  
 There may all the faithful be.

2 Where the weary find a home,  
 Where the wild deer fearless roam,  
 Where the mellow fruit-tree grows,  
 Where the golden harvest flows,  
 Where the bee, the grape, and kine,  
 Yield their honey, milk, and wine ;  
 Where the curse from earth shall flee—  
 There may all the faithful be.

3 Where the Temple-block is laid,  
 Where no foe shall e'er invade,  
 Where the Priesthood's power shall claim  
 All that heaven and earth can name,  
 Where the judge by justice rules,  
 Where the couns'llors are not fools,  
 Where the poor shall judgment see—  
 There may all the faithful be.

4 Where the dew-distilling hills  
 Drop their fatness in the rills,  
 Where the river, lake, and stream,  
 With their finny myriads team ;  
 Where the shade trees round the fold  
 Shield from heat and winter's cold,  
 Where all nature sings with glee—  
 There may all the faithful be.

## HYMN 52. (8, 7, &amp; 4.)

1 Lo ! the mighty God appearing,  
 From on high Jehovah speaks !  
 Eastern lands the summons hearing,  
 O'er the west his thunder breaks !  
 Earth behold him—  
 Universal nature shakes !

2 Zion, all its light unfolding,  
 God in glory shall display ;  
 Lo ! he comes ! nor silence holding,  
 Fire and clouds prepare his way ;  
 Tempests round him—  
 Hasten on the dreadful day.

3 To the heavens his voice ascending,  
 To the earth beneath he cries ;  
 Souls immortal now descending,  
 Let the sleeping dust arise !  
 Rise to judgment—  
 Let thy throne adorn the skies !

4 Gather first my Saints around me,  
 Those who to my cov'nant stood,  
 Those who humbly sought and found me,  
 Through the dying Saviour's blood—  
 Blest Redeemer !  
 Dearest sacrifice to God !

5 Now the heavens on high adore him,  
 And his righteousness declare ;  
 Sinners perish from before him,  
 But his Saints his mercy share—  
 Just his judgment—  
 God, himself the Judge is there.

## HYMN 53. (6-8's.)

- 1 I'll praise my Maker while I've breath ;  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life and thought and being last,  
Or immortality endures.
- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely  
On Israel's God—he made the sky,  
And earth, and seas, with all their train ;  
His truth for ever stands secure ;  
He saves th' opprest, he feeds the poor,  
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 3 The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind !  
The Lord supports the fainting mind ;  
He sends the labouring conscience peace,  
He helps the stranger in distress,  
The widow and the fatherless ;  
And grants the prisoner sweet release.
- 4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,  
And, when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life and thought and being last,  
Or immortality endures.

## HYMN 54. (L. M.)

- 1 Praise ye the Lord ! 'tis good to raise  
Your hearts and voices in his praise ;  
His nature and his works invite  
To make this duty our delight.
- 2 He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames ;  
He counts their numbers, calls their names ;  
His wisdom 's vast, and knows no bound,  
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 3 Sing to the Lord—exalt him high,  
Who spreads his clouds along the sky ;  
There he prepares the fruitful rain,  
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.
- 4 He makes the grass the hills adorn,  
And clothes the smiling fields with corn !  
The beasts with food his hands supply,  
And the young ravens when they cry.
- 5 And Saints are lovely in his sight ;  
He views his children with delight,  
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,  
And looks and loves his image there.

HYMN 55. (11's & 9's. *Anapæstic.*)

1 Away with our fears ! The glad morning  
appears,  
When an heir of salvation was born !  
From Jehovah I came, for his glory I am,  
And to him I with singing return.

2 Thou, Jesus, alone, art the fountain, I own,  
Of my life and felicity here ;  
And cheerfully sing, My Redeemer and  
King,  
Till his sign in the heavens appear.

3 With thanks I rejoice in thy fatherly choice  
Of my state and condition below.  
If of parents I came who honor'd thy name,  
'Twas thy wisdom appointed it so.

4 I sing of thy grace from my earliest days,  
Ever near to allure and defend ;  
Hitherto thou hast been my preserver from  
sin,  
And I trust thou wilt save to the end.

5 Oh, the infinite cares, and temptations,  
and snares,  
Thy hand hath conducted me through ;  
Oh, the blessings bestow'd by a bounti-  
ful God,  
And the mercies eternally new.

6 What a mercy is this, what a haven of bliss,  
 How unspeakably happy am I !  
 Gather'd into the fold, with thy people  
 enroll'd,  
 With thy people to live and to die.

7 Oh ! the goodness of God, employing a clod,  
 His tribute of glory to raise !  
 His standard to bear, and with triumph  
 declare  
 His unspeakable riches of grace !

8 Oh ! the fathomless love, that has deign'd  
 to approve,  
 And prosper the work of my hands !  
 With my pastoral crook I went over the  
 brook,  
 And behold ! I am spread into bands.

9 Who, I ask, in amaze, hath begotten me  
 these !  
 And inquire from what quarter they  
 came.  
 My full heart replies, they are born from  
 the skies,  
 And give glory to God and the Lamb.

10 All honour and praise to the Father of  
 grace,  
 To the Spirit and Son I return ;  
 The business pursue he hath made me to  
 do,  
 And rejoice that I ever was born.

## HYMN 56. (L. M.)

- 1 Our Father, shall we ever be  
Sufficient grateful unto thee,  
For all the mercies thou hast given,  
To raise a ruin'd world to Heaven?
- 2 Each sacred ordinance bestow'd,  
That leads to the celestial road,  
Demands the highest notes we raise—  
Our grateful songs of solemn praise.
- 3 Departed souls will join the theme,  
And shout the praises of the Lamb,  
Who from their prisons shall be free,  
When we for them baptized be.
- 4 O glorious truth! O heavenly grace!  
Bestow'd on us in Latter Days—  
To know the myst'ries of our Lord,  
And feel the Gospel's power restor'd.
- 5 With purest aim, with single eye,  
From Bab'lon's confines let us fly,  
To reach the sacred place where we  
Can Saviours to our kindred be.
- 6 Celestial Spirit! heavenly Guide!  
Henceforth o'er every thought preside,  
Chase from our minds delusive ill,  
And with pure light each bosom fill.

## HYMN 57. (P. M.)

1 Oh ! say, what is truth ? 'Tis the fairest  
gem  
That the riches of worlds can produce ;  
And priceless the value of truth will be,  
when  
The proud monarch's costliest diadem  
Is counted but dross and refuse.

2 Yes, say, what is truth ? 'Tis the brightest  
prize  
To which mortals or Gods can aspire.  
Go search in the depths where it glitter-  
ing lies,  
Or ascend in pursuit to the loftiest skies,  
'Tis an aim for the noblest desire.

3 The sceptre may fall from the despot's  
grasp,  
When with winds of stern justice he  
copes,  
But the pillar of truth wlll endure to the  
last,  
And its firm-rooted bulwarks outstand  
the rude blast,  
And the wreck of the fell tyrant's hopes.

4 Then say what is truth ? 'Tis the last and  
the first,  
For the limits of time it steps o'er.

Though the heavens depart, and the earth's  
 fountains burst,  
 Truth, the sum of existence, will weather  
 the worst,  
 Eternal, unchang'd, evermore.

HYMN 58. (C. M.)

- 1 Father, how wide thy glory shines !  
     How high thy wonders rise !  
     Known through the earth by thousand  
         signs,  
     By thousands through the skies.
- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,  
     Their motions speak thy skill,  
     And on the wings of every hour,  
         We read thy patience still.
- 3 Part of thy name divinely stands,  
     On all thy creatures writ ;  
     They show the labour of thy hands,  
         Or impress of thy feet.
- 4 But when we view thy strange design,  
     To save rebellious worms,  
     Where vengeance and compassion join  
         In their divinest forms.

5 Here the whole Deity is known,  
 Nor dares a creature guess,  
 Which of the glories brightest shone,  
 The justice or the grace.

6 Now the full glories of the Lamb  
 Adorn the heavenly plains,  
 Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,  
 And try their choicest strains.

7 O may I bear some humble part  
 In that immortal song,  
 Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,  
 And love command my tongue.

## HYMN 59. (S. M.)

1 Soldiers of Christ, arise  
 And put your armour on, [plies  
 Strong in the strength which God sup-  
 Through his Eternal Son.

2 Strong is the Lord of Hosts,  
 And, in his mighty power,  
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,  
 Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in his great might,  
 With all his strength endued,  
 But take, to arm you for the fight,  
 The panoply of God.

4 That, having all things done,  
 And all your conflicts pass'd,  
 Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,  
 And stand entire at last.

5 Stand, then, against your foes,  
 In close and firm array—  
 Legions of wily fiends oppose—  
 Throughout the evil day.

6 But meet the sons of night,  
 And mock their vain design,  
 Arm'd in the arms of heavenly light,  
 Of righteousness divine.

7 Leave no unguarded place,  
 No weakness of the soul,  
 Take every virtue, every grace,  
 And fortify the whole.

## HYMN 60. (8, 8, 6.)

1 Hail ! bright millennial day of rest,  
 When earth 's restor'd and Saints are blest,  
 Secur'd from Bab'lon's doom—  
 Gather'd afar from every clime,  
 To spend that blissful, happy time,  
 Where vernal pastures bloom.

2 There tyranny no more shall reign,  
 Nor famish'd children beg in vain,  
     For what their fathers toil'd ;  
 Nor proud men spurn the poor man's lot—  
 Alike they'll share, nor envy not  
     What former av'rice spoil'd.

3 There equity and truth will shine,  
 And all revere God's laws divine,  
     Nor fear oppressor's wrong ;  
 Each shall possess their dwellings fair,  
 And eat the fruits their vineyards bear,  
     Rejoicing all day long.

4 O heavenly paradise of joy !  
 Where meek ones live without annoy,  
     Far, far from Gentile strife ;  
 Where God and angels love to dwell,  
 With the redeem'd whose anthems swell  
     The song of endless life.

5 O God ! preserve thy Saints t' endure,  
 That we thy blessings may secure,  
     Within thy promis'd rest ; [praise,  
 Then shall our tongues, in ceaseless  
 Extol thy name through endless days,  
     On earth when it is blest.

## HYMN 61. (8, 8, 6.)

1 Oh, happy home ! oh, blest abode !  
 Where Saints communion hold with God,  
 Without a dread or fear ;  
 When shall I reach your fertile plains,  
 Ascend the mount where virtue gains  
 A more exalted sphere.

2 In Babylon I loathe to stay ;  
 Dire are the evils day by day,  
 Within her precincts dark.  
 Truth's brighter rays expose the night,  
 Each honest mind receives the light,  
 And presses t'wards the mark.

3 No love but heaven's would I receive,  
 No other doctrines e'er believe,  
 Than those by Jesus taught.  
 I'd trace the path his footsteps trod—  
 The only way that leads to God—  
 All other ways are nought.

4 Come sacred power, exert thy sway,  
 To guide in the celestial way,  
 Tradition to forsake,  
 My Saviour's footsteps to pursue,  
 Each selfish principle subdue,  
 To righteousness awake.

5 Let friends, or kindred, near and dear,  
 Exert their power, no servile fear  
     Shall e'er my spirit bind,  
 Though now affections warmer rise,  
 In souls enlighten'd from the skies,  
     And blest with Jesus' mind.

6 For he hath said (whose lips divine,  
 To nought but truth did e'er incline—  
     Jesus our only theme)  
 Whoe'er their kindred better love  
 Than me, my heart can ne'er approve,  
     Nor worthy will esteem.

7 But those who in my righteous cause  
 Are firm, nor seek the world's applause,  
     My glory shall partake.  
 Then, brethren, sisters, patient share  
 His suff'ring—this will us prepare,  
     And sinners perfect make.

## HYMN 62. (L. M.)

1 Shall I, for fear of feeble man,  
 The Spirit's course in me restrain ?  
 Or, undismay'd in deed and word,  
 Be a true witness for my Lord ?

2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I  
Conceal the word of God most high?  
How then before thee shall I dare  
To stand, or how thine anger bear?

3 Shall I, to sooth th' unholy throng'  
Softens thy truths, and smooth my tongue,  
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee  
The cross, my God, endur'd by thee?

4 What then is he whose scorn I dread,  
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?  
A man—an heir of death—a slave  
To sin—a bubble on the wave.

5 Yea, let men rage, since thou wilt spread  
Thy shadowing wings around my head,  
Since, in all pain, thy tender love  
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

6 Saviour of men, thy searching eye  
Doth all my inmost thoughts descry;  
Doth ought on earth my wishes raise?  
Or the world's pleasures, or its praise?

7 The love of Christ doth me constrain  
To seek the wand'ring souls of men,  
With cries, entreaties, tears to save,  
To snatch them from the gaping grave.

8 For this let men revile my name,  
 No cross I shun, I fear no shame—  
 All hail reproach ! and welcome pain !  
 Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.

9 My life, my blood, I here present—  
 If for thy truth they may be spent,  
 Fulfil thy sov'reign counsel, Lord,  
 Thy will be done, thy name ador'd.

10 Give of thy strength, O God of power,  
 Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,  
 Thy faithful witness will I be :  
 'T is fix'd—I can do all through thee.

## HYMN 63. (8's &amp; 7's.)

1 Glorious things are sung of Zion,  
 Enoch's city seen of old,  
 Where the righteous, being perfect,  
 Walked with God in streets of gold.  
 Love and virtue, faith and wisdom,  
 Grace and gifts were all combin'd,  
 As himself each lov'd his neighbour,  
 All were of one heart and mind.

2 There they shun'd the power of Satan,  
 And observ'd celestial law,  
 For in Adam-ondi-Ahman  
 Zion rose where Eden was.  
 When beyond the power of evil,  
 So that none could covet wealth,  
 One continual feast of blessings  
 Crown'd their days with peace and  
 health.

3 Then the towers of Zion glitter'd,  
 Like the Sun in yonder skies,  
 And the wicked stood and trembled,  
 Fill'd with wonder and surprise ;  
 Then their faith and works were perfect,  
 Lo they follow'd their great Head—  
 So the city went to heaven,  
 And the world said, Zion's fled !

4 When the Lord returns with Zion,  
 And we hear the watchmen cry,  
 Then we'll surely be united,  
 And we'll all see eye to eye ;  
 Then we'll mingle with the angels,  
 And the Lord will bless his own ;  
 Then the earth will be as Eden,  
 And we'll know as we are known.

## HYMN 64. (C. M.)

1 How are thy servants blest ! O Lord,  
 How sure is their defence !  
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,  
 Their help, Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,  
 Supported by thy care,  
 Through burning climes they pass unhurt,  
 And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne  
 High on the broken wave,  
 They know thou art not slow to hear,  
 Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,  
 Obedient to thy will ;  
 The sea, that roars at thy command,  
 At thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fear, and death,  
 Thy goodness we'll adore ;  
 We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,  
 And humbly hope for more.

## HYMN 65. (S. M.)

1 Jesus, my strength, my hope,  
 On thee I cast my care,  
 With humble confidence look up,  
 And know thou hear'st my prayer.

2 Give me on' thee to wait,  
 Till I can all things do ;  
 On thee, Almighty to create,  
 Almighty to renew.

3 I want a sober mind,  
 A self-renouncing will,  
 That tramples down and casts behind  
 The baits of pleasing ill ;

4 A soul inur'd to pain,  
 To hardship, grief, and loss ;  
 Bold to take up, firm to sustain,  
 The consecrated cross.

5 I want a godly fear,  
 A quick-discerning eye  
 That looks to thee when sin is near,  
 And sees the tempter fly ;

6 A spirit still prepar'd,  
 And arm'd with jealous care,  
 For ever standing on its guard,  
 And watching unto prayer.

7 I want a heart to pray,  
To pray and never cease,  
Never to murmur at thy stay,  
Or wish my suff'rings less.

8 This blessing, above all,  
Always to pray I want,  
Out of the deep on thee to call,  
And never, never faint.

9 I want a true regard,  
A single, steady aim,  
Unmov'd by threatening or reward,  
To thee and thy great name ;

10 A jealous, just concern  
For thine immortal praise,  
A pure desire that all may learn,  
And glorify thy grace.

11 I rest upon thy word,  
The promise is for me,  
My succour and salvation, Lord,  
Shall surely come from thee.

12 But let me still abide,  
Nor from my hopes remove,  
Till thou my patient spirit guide  
Into thy perfect love.

## HYMN 66. (4-6 &amp; 2-8.)

1      O Lord, our Sovereign King,  
 Our infant charge now bless ;  
 To thee we now him bring,  
 O grant him now thy grace.  
 And to us, Lord, may grace be given  
 To train this gift of thine for heaven.

2      A gift of richest worth,  
 On us thou hast bestow'd,  
 O may he, from his birth,  
 Follow the Lord his God ;  
 Sustain'd by grace divine, may he  
 Be taught, O Lord our God, by thee.

3      Thou art his Father, Lord ;  
 His spirit, pure and free,  
 Obedient to thy word,  
 Rejoic'd in heaven with thee.  
 O may the spirit thou hast given,  
 Return unsullied back to heaven.

4      May we, and all our race,  
 Find favour in thy sight,  
 Possess thy heavenly grace,  
 And in thy laws delight ;  
 And, when we quit this world of strife,  
 Live with our God in endless life.

## HYMN 67. (8's &amp; 7's)

1 We have met, dear friends and brethren,  
 Our respects to pay to one  
 Who has left this world of sorrow,  
 And to glory now has gone.

2 Death once more has been among us,  
 Our beloved friend is gone,  
 Who was near and dear unto us—  
 Thus we're falling one by one.

3 Let us drop, on this occasion,  
 Tears of sympathetic love,  
 And thus mourn, with the relations,  
 For our friend who lives above.

4 Since our friend has gone to glory,  
 Though we mourn, yet we'll rejoice,  
 For he sought the way to heaven,  
 And made Jesus Christ his choice.

5 To all those who sleep in Jesus,  
 Death is sweet and has no sting,  
 But to haughty, stubborn sinners,  
 Death, of terrors, is the king.

6 Then poor sinners stop and ponder  
 Well your steps as you pass on,  
 Lest you end your days in sorrow,  
 When your fancied joys are gone.

## HYMN 68. (S. M.)

1 Lord make thy mercy known  
 To all who here reside,  
 Let heaven's blessings rest upon,  
 And with them all abide.

2 To this house may the peace  
 Of God, in mercy flow,  
 May they the beauties of thy grace  
 And thy salvation know.

3 My Master and my God  
 Has sent me forth to bless,  
 And preach, to all, his Holy Word,  
 And dwell with sons of peace.

4 A son of peace dwells here—  
 Thy peace to him be given,  
 On earth may he thy law revere,  
 And dwell with thee in heaven.

## HYMN 69. (6-8's.)

1 Captain of Israel's host, and guide  
 Of all who seek the land above,  
 Beneath the shadow we abide,  
 The cloud of thy protecting love;  
 Our strength thy grace, our rule thy word,  
 Our end the glory of the Lord.

2 By thy unerring Spirit led,  
 We shall not in the desert stray,  
 We shall not full direction need,  
 Nor miss our providential way ;  
 As far from danger as from fear,  
 While love, almighty love, is near.

## HYMN 70. (6-8's.)

1 When quiet in my house I sit,  
 Thy books be my companions still,  
 My joy thy sayings to repeat,  
 Talk o'er the records of thy will,  
 And search the oracles divine,  
 Till every heart-felt word be mine.

2 Oh ! may the gracious word divine,  
 Subject of all my converse be ;  
 So will the Lord his foll'wer join,  
 And walk and talk himself with me ;  
 So shall my heart his presence prove,  
 And burn with everlasting love.

3 Oft as I lay me down to rest,  
 Oh ! may the reconciling word  
 Sweetly compose my weary breast,  
 While on the bosom of my Lord,  
 I sink in blissful dreams away,  
 And visions of eternal day.

4 Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,  
 Thee may I publish all day long !  
 And let thy precious word of grace  
 Flow from my heart and fill my tongue ;  
 Fill all my life with purest love,  
 And join me to the Church above.

HYMN 71. (8's & 7's.)

1 Go, ye messengers of heaven,  
 Chosen by divine command,  
 Go and publish free salvation,  
 To a dark, benighted land.

2 Go to island, sea, and mountain,  
 To fulfil the great command ;  
 Gather out the sons of Jacob,  
 To possess the promis'd land.

3 When your thousands all are gather'd,  
 And their prayers for you ascend,  
 And the Lord has crown'd with blessings,  
 All the labours of your hand,

4 Then the song of joy and transport,  
 Will from every land resound ;  
 Then the heathen, long in darkness,  
 By their Saviour will be crown'd.

## HYMN 72. (L. M.)

- 1 From all that dwell below the skies,  
Let the Creator's praise arise;  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,  
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,  
Eternal truth attends thy word ;  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

## HYMN 73. (C. M.)

- 1 Come let us join our cheerful songs,  
With angels round the throne !  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,  
To be exalted thus—  
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,  
For he was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honour and power divine,  
And blessings more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell below the sky,  
 And air, and earth, and seas,  
 Conspire to lift thy glories high,  
 And speak thine endless praise ;

5 The whole creation join in one,  
 To bless the sacred name  
 Of him that sits upon the throne,  
 And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN 74. (C. M. D.)

1 O Lord, do thou thy gifts bestow  
 On these adopted ones,  
 And let thy Spirit largely flow,  
 And own them as thy sons ;  
 E'en as thy promise was of old,  
 One Spirit they should have,  
 That all things past it should unfold,  
 With present light to save.

2 In dreams and visions of the night,  
 Revealing things to come,  
 Unfolding wisdom's purest light,  
 Of Zion's happy home ;  
 New tongues declaring heavenly power,  
 And light t' interpret plain,  
 That Saints may know, in this dread hour,  
 Thy gifts are come again.

3 Give faith to realize the same,  
 With truth thy Saints inspire,  
 And own thy people's faith to claim  
 All else their hearts desire ;  
 Let wisdom, knowledge, truth, and love,  
 Lead them in thy commands,  
 That they may prove thy gifts divine,  
 By th' laying on of hands.

## HYMN 75. (S. M.)

1 Awake, and sing the song  
 Of Moses and the Lamb ;  
 Wake every heart and every tongue,  
 To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love,  
 Sing of his rising power,  
 Sing how he intercedes above  
 For those whose sins he bore ;

3 Sing till we feel the heart  
 Ascending with the tongue :  
 Let every meaner joy depart,  
 And grace inspire the song ;

4 Sing on your heavenly way,  
 Ye ransom'd sinners, sing,  
 Sing on, rejoicing every day  
 In Christ th' eternal king.

## HYMN 76. (C. M.)

- 1 When Jesus came unto his own,  
Free from the guilt of sin,  
Devoted to the truth alone,  
Degraded man to win,
- 2 His life was spent in doing good,  
His actions full of love,  
His doctrines to the multitude  
Sublime as heaven above.
- 3 Who among men did he despise ?  
To all he blessings gave—  
Who made the earth and rear'd the skies,  
Alone could sinners save.
- 4 Yet see the creatures he had made,  
Whom he died to redeem,  
Cast the foul stigma on his head,  
Despite the Gospel scheme.
- 5 Scoff'd, scorn'd, and hung upon the tree,  
They pierc'd him there to die;  
Depriv'd him here of liberty,  
Who own'd the earth and sky.
- 6 Then, shall we fear the truth to raise  
To all the sons of men,

Which angels in the Latter days,  
Restor'd to earth again !

7 Let devils rage, and men defame  
The Gospel of our God,  
We will in truth and power proclaim  
His purposes abroad.

HYMN 77. (C. M.)

1 Let heathens to their idols haste,  
And worship wood or stone,  
But my delightful lot is cast,  
Where the true God is known.

2 His hand provides my constant food,  
He fills my daily cup ;  
Much am I pleas'd with present good,  
But more rejoice in hope.

3 God is my portion and my joy,  
His counsels are my light,  
He gives me sweet advice by day,  
And gentle hints by night.

4 My soul would all its thoughts approve  
To his all-seeing eye,  
Nor death, nor hell, my hope shall move,  
While such a friend is nigh.

HYMN 78. (8's. *Anapæstic.*)

1 This God is the God we adore,  
 Our faithful, unchangeable friend,  
 Whose love is as large as his power,  
 And knows not beginning nor end.

2 'Tis Jesus the first and the last,  
 Whose spirit shall guide us safe home—  
 We'll praise him for all that is past,  
 And trust him for all that 's to come.

## HYMN 79. (8, 7, 4.)

1 Men of God ! go, take your stations,  
 Darkness reigns throughout the earth,  
 Go, proclaim among all nations,  
 Joyful news of heavenly birth ;  
 Bear the tidings  
 Angels brought again to earth.

2 Of the Gospel not ashamed,  
 As the power of God to save,  
 Go, and let it be proclaimed,  
 To the free-born and the slave—  
 Blessed freedom,  
 Such as Zion's children have.

3 When expos'd to fears and dangers,  
 Jesus will his own defend.  
 Borne afar midst foes and strangers,  
 Jesus will appear your friend,  
 And his presence  
 Shall be with you to the end.

## HYMN 80. (8, 7. 4.)

1 O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,  
     Look my soul, be still, and gaze ;  
 All the promises do travail  
     With a glorious day of grace—  
     Blessed Jub'lee !  
 Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the Indian and the Negro,  
     Let the rude Barbarian, see  
 That divine and glorious conquest  
     Once obtain'd on Calvary ;  
     Let the Gospel  
 Soon resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,  
     Grant them Lord, the glorious light ;  
 And from eastern coast to western,  
     May the morning chase the night,  
     Chase the darkness  
 From their long benighted eyes.

4 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,  
     Win and conquer, never cease ;  
 So Immanuel's fair dominions  
     Shall extend, and still increase,  
     Till the kingdoms  
 Of the world are all his own.

## HYMN 81. (L. M.)

- 1 Come hither, all ye weary souls ;  
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come ;  
I'll give you rest from all your toils,  
And raise you to my heavenly home.
- 2 They shall find rest that learn of me—  
I'm of a meek and lowly mind,  
But passion rages like the sea,  
And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 Blest is the man whose shoulders take  
My yoke, and bear it with delight—  
My yoke is easy to his neck,  
My grace shall make the burden light.
- 4 Then, Lord, we humbly venture near,  
By unbelief and guilt opprest ;  
Henceforth, thine easy yoke we'll bear,  
And seek in thee the promis'd rest.

## HYMN 82. (C. M. D.)

- 1 When sickness clouds the soul with grief,  
And wastes this mortal frame,  
Thine ord'nance brings our woes relief,  
Through faith in thy great name.

Anointed with the Holy Oil,  
 And by thy servants blest,  
 We wait upon thy promis'd aid  
 In all that we request.

2 If sin has brought thy scourging rod,  
 May we thy chast'ning prove,  
 And learn from all we suffer here,  
 Thy precepts more to love.  
 But should the enemy of man,  
 Distracting cares intrude,  
 Give faith to overcome the ill,  
 And triumph in the good.

3 When darkness and temptations come,  
 And worldly cares arise,  
 And sickness, poverty, and death,  
 Our fondest hopes surprise,  
 O let thy Spirit's light impart  
 Renewing strength divine,  
 That we may rise above them all,  
 And know that we are thine.

HYMN 83. (L. M.)

1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,  
 Ye nations bow with sacred joy,  
 Know that the Lord is God alone,  
 He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and form'd us men—  
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,  
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heavens our voices raise ;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world, is thy command,  
Vast as eternity thy love ;  
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

## HYMN 84. (S. M.)

1 Come, sound his praise abroad,  
And hymns of glory sing—  
Jehovah is the sov'reign God,  
The universal King.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown,  
He gave the seas their bound,  
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,  
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,  
Come, bow before the Lord ;  
We are his work, and not our own ;  
He form'd us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,  
 Nor dare provoke his rod ;  
 Come, like the people of his choice,  
 And own your gracious God.

5 But, if your ears refuse  
 The language of his grace,  
 And hearts grow hard like stubborn Jews,  
 That unbelieving race,

6 The Lord, in vengeance drest,  
 Will lift his hand and swear,  
 You that despise my promis'd rest,  
 Shall have no portion there.

## HYMN 85. (P. M.)

1 In a gallant ship we ride,  
 For to spread the Gospel wide,  
 Swift the Gospel tidings roll,  
 And spread the news from pole to pole—  
 And then we'll go, we'll go to Zion's land.

2 Go ! ye Gospel heralds, go !  
 To the lands of darkness go,  
 And to every clime proclaim  
 That Christ will come on earth to reign—  
 And then we'll go, we'll go to Zion's land.

3 Come, ye faithful Saints, and sing  
 Sacred songs to Zion's King,  
 Take the crown so freely given,  
 Presented by the Lord of heaven ;  
 And then sit down, sit down with Christ the  
 Lamb.

## HYMN 86. (7's.)

1 Lord, we come before thee now,  
 At thy feet we humbly bow ;  
 Do not thou our suit disdain ;  
 Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?

2 In thine own appointed way  
 Now we seek thee—here we stay ;  
 Lord, from hence we would not go,  
 Till a blessing thou bestow.

3 Send some message from thy word,  
 That may joy and peace afford ;  
 Comfort those who weep and mourn,  
 Let “the time of love” return.

4 Grant we all may seek and find  
 Thee, our gracious God and kind ;  
 Heal the sick, the captive free,  
 Let us all rejoice in thee.

## HYMN 87. (L. M.)

- 1 Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,  
By faith and love, in every breast,  
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,  
The joys that cannot be express'd.
- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,  
Make our enlarged souls possess [length,  
And learn the height, and breadth, and  
And depth, of thine unmeasur'd grace.
- 3 Now to the God whose power can do  
More than our thoughts or wishes know,  
Be everlasting honours done,  
By all the Church, through Christ his Son.

## HYMN 88. (C. M.)

- 1 Come, thou desire of all thy Saints,  
Our humble strains attend,  
While, with our praises and complaints,  
Low at thy feet we bend.
- 2 When we thy wondrous glories hear,  
And all thy suff'rings trace,  
What sweetly awful scenes appear,  
What rich, unbounded grace.

3 How should our songs, like those above,  
     With warm devotion rise !  
 How should our souls, with wings of love,  
     Mount upward to the skies !

4 But ah ! the song—how cold it flows !  
     How languid our desire !  
 How faint the sacred passion glows,  
     Till thou the heart inspire !

5 Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise  
     In us the heavenly flame !  
 Then shall our lips resound thy praise,  
     Our hearts adore thy name.

## HYMN 89. (8's &amp; 7's.)

1 Lo ! the Gentile chain is broken !  
     Freedom's banner waves on high—  
 List, ye nations ! by this token  
     Know that your redemption 's nigh.

2 See, on yonder distant mountain,  
     Zion's standard wide unfurl'd,  
 Far above Missouri's fountain,  
     Lo, it waves for all the world.

3 Freedom, peace, and full salvation,  
     Are the blessings guaranteed—  
 Liberty to every nation,  
     Every tongue, and every creed.

4 Come, ye Christian Sects, and Pagan ;  
 Pope, and Protestant, and Priest ;  
 Worshippers of God, or Dagon,  
 Come ye to fair freedom's feast.

5 Come, ye sons of doubt and wonder,  
 Indian, Moslem, Greek, or Jew,  
 All your shackles burst asunder—  
 Freedom's banner waves for you.

6 Cease to butcher one another,  
 Join the covenant of peace,  
 Be to all a friend, a brother—  
 This will bring the world release.

7 Lo ! our King ! the great Messiah,  
 Prince of peace, shall come to reign !  
 Sound again, ye heavenly choir,  
 Peace on earth, goodwill to men.

## HYMN 90. (8's &amp; 7's.)

1 As the dew, from heaven distilling,  
 Gently on the grass descends,  
 And revives it, thus fulfilling  
 What thy providence intends,

2 Let thy doctrine, Lord, so gracious,  
 Thus descending from above,  
 Blest by thee, prove efficacious  
 To fulfil thy work of love.

3 Lord, behold this congregation,  
 Precious promises fulfil,  
 From thy holy habitation  
 Let the dews of life distil.

4 Let our cry come up before thee,  
 Sweetest influence shed around;  
 So the people shall adore thee,  
 And confess the joyful sound.

HYMN 91. (L. M.)

1 O Thou, at whose almighty word  
 The glorious light from darkness sprung,  
 Thy quick'ning influence afford, [tongue.  
 And clothe with power the preacher's

2 As when of old the waters flow'd  
 Forth from the rock, at thy command,  
 Moses in vain had wav'd his rod,  
 Without thy wonder-working hand.

3 As when the walls of Jericho  
 Down to the earth at once were cast,  
 It was thy power that brought them low,  
 And not the trumpet's feeble blast.

4 Thus we would in the means be found,  
 And thus on thee alone depend—  
 Oh, make the Gospel's joyful sound  
 Effectual to the promis'd end.

## HYMN 92. (C. M.)

1 Once more we come before our God,  
 Once more his blessing ask—  
 Oh ! may not duty seem a load,  
 Nor worship prove a task.

2 May we receive the word we hear,  
 Each in an honest heart,  
 And keep the sacred treasure there,  
 Nor ever with it part.

3 Awake, O heavenly wind, awake !  
 Refreshing breezes, blow,  
 Let every plant thy power partake,  
 And all the garden grow.

4 Revive the parch'd with soft'ning showers,  
 The cold with warmth divine,  
 The benefit shall all be ours,  
 Be all the glory thine.

## HYMN 93. (C. M.)

1 Come, guilty souls, and flee away  
 To Christ, and heal your wounds—  
 This is the welcome Gospel-day  
 Wherein free grace abounds.

2 God lov'd the world, and gave his Son  
 To drink the cup of wrath,  
 And Jesus says he'll cast out none  
 That come to him by faith.

## HYMN 94. (8, 8, 6.)

1 How precious is thy word, O Lord,  
 What light and joy those leaves afford  
 To souls in deep distress !  
 Thy fear forbids our feet to stray,  
 Thy precepts guide our doubtful way,  
 And lead to righteousness.

2 Thy threat'nings wake our slumb'ring eyes,  
 And warn us where our danger lies ;  
 But 'tis thy Gospel, Lord,  
 That makes the guilty conscience clean,  
 Converts the soul, and conquers sin,  
 And gives a free reward.

## HYMN 95. (7's.)

1 Hark ! the song of jubilee,  
 Loud as mighty thunders roar,  
 Or the fulness of the sea,  
 When it breaks upon the shore.

2 See ! Jehovah's banner 's furl'd,  
 Sheath'd his sword—he speaks—tis done !  
 Now the kingdoms of this world  
 Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole,  
 With supreme, unbounded sway ;  
 He shall reign when, like a scroll,  
 Yonder heavens have pass'd away !

4 Hallelujah ! for the Lord  
 God omnipotent shall reign ;  
 Hallelujah—let the word  
 Echo round the earth and main.

## HYMN 96. (8, 7, 4.)

1 Lord dismiss us with thy blessing,  
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace,  
 Let us each, thy love possessing,  
 Triumph in redeeming grace.  
 O refresh us,  
 Trav'lling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,  
 For the Gospel's joyful sound—  
 May the fruits of thy salvation,  
 In our hearts and lives abound,  
 Ever faithful  
 To the truth, may we be found.

## HYMN 97. (C. M.)

1 May we, who know the joyful sound,  
 Still practice what we know ;  
 Not hearers of the word alone,  
 But doers of it too.

2 By acts of mercy let us show  
 We have not heard in vain,  
 But kindly feel another's woe,  
 And long to ease his pain.

3 The widow's heart shall share our joy,  
 The orphan, and oppress'd,  
 Shall see we love the sweet employ  
 To succour the distress'd.

4 We'll teach the ignorant the way  
 True happiness to know,  
 And how the vilest sinner may  
 Escape eternal woe.

5 Thankful that we the Gospel hear,  
 And love the joyful sound,  
 Oh! may the sacred fruits appear,  
 And in our lives abound.

## HYMN 98. (L. M.)

- 1 Though now the nations sit beneath  
 The darkness of o'erspreading death,  
 God will arise with light divine,  
 On Zion's holy towers to shine.
- 2 That light shall glance on distant lands ;  
 And heathen tribes, in joyful bands,  
 Come with exulting haste to prove  
 The power and greatness of his love.
- 3 Lord, spread the triumphs of thy grace,  
 Let truth, and righteousness, and peace,  
 In mild and lovely forms, display  
 The glories of the Latter Day.

## HYMN 99. (L. M.)

- 1 The rising sun has chas'd the night,  
 And brought again the cheering light—  
 This mercy multiplies our days,  
 And calls us to renew our praise.
- 2 We laid us down, and sweetly slept ;  
 The Lord our souls in safety kept ;  
 We wake his goodness to proclaim,  
 And sing new honours to his name.

3 We know not what his will ordains,  
 But 'tis our joy that Jesus reigns ;  
 Though dangers, snares, and foes abound,  
 Th' eternal arms will us surround.

4 Teach us to walk with thee to-day,  
 Our only care to keep thy way ;  
 Ourselves to thee we would resign,  
 Content to know that we are thine.

## HYMN 100. (7's &amp; 6's D.)

1 We'll sing the songs of Zion,  
 Though now in distant lands ;  
 Our harps shall not be lying,  
 Untouch'd by skilful hands ;  
 The winds in flitting breezes  
 Will sweep the sounding string,  
 And tune its lofty praises,  
 If Saints neglect to sing.

2 O Zion ! long adored  
 By Seers and Saints of old,  
 Thy blessings are restored,  
 Thy beauties we behold ;  
 Thy walls are sure salvation,  
 And all thy gates are praise—  
 A peaceful habitation,  
 In these the Latter Days.

3 When Zion reach'd the mountains,  
 They gave their golden store,  
 And all the limpid fountains  
 Did healing virtues pour.  
 Where reign'd but gloomy sadness,  
 And earth seem'd in repose,  
 Resounds the song of gladness,  
 And blossoms as the rose.

4 From Zion's favour'd valley,  
 Shine Gospel light and grace,  
 And millions soon will rally  
 Around her gath'ring place ;  
 Where every law of heaven,  
 Its councils do design  
 To save us, will be given  
 Within her sacred shrine.

5 The wealth, and scenes of splendour,  
 That worldly minds may prize,  
 Are nothing to the grandeur  
 Of Zion, in our eyes.  
 Adorn'd with all the graces  
 Of Him who call'd thee forth,  
 We love thy chosen places  
 Alone of all the earth.

6 Yes ! Zion's theme and spirit,  
 Our bosoms will inspire,  
 Until we shall inherit  
 The land that we desire ;

Where Saints from every nation,  
 Will swell the strain anew,  
 Ascribe the great salvation  
 To Him who brought us through.

## HYMN 101. (C. M.)

*First Part.*

- 1 O God, thou great, thou good, thou wise,  
 Eternal is thy name,  
 Thy power hath rear'd the lofty skies,  
 And built Creation's frame.
- 2 The Universe thy praise declares  
 Through all its vast design,  
 Thy glorious handy work appears,  
 Thy power and wisdom shine.
- 3 And ere creation had its birth,  
 Thou didst devise a plan,  
 Amidst thy glorious works on earth  
 To form thy creature man.
- 4 Thou mad'st him monarch of the world,  
 And did'st his kindred own,  
 Until by sin down he was hurl'd,  
 And forfeited his throne.

5 Then Satan seiz'd the power of state,  
 And did his sceptre sway ; [great,  
 Brought down the strong, the wise, the  
 To mingle with the clay.

6 Thus did the foe his malice glut,  
 And all the world enslave,  
 The spirit in the prison shut,  
 The body in the grave.

HYMM 102. (C. M.)

*Second Part.*

1 But hark ! and hear the joyful sound,  
 How grateful to the ear,  
 A ransom for the lost is found,  
 A Saviour doth appear.

2 He meets Apollyon, lays him low  
 In every deadly strife,  
 Becomes victorious o'er his foe,  
 And reigns the Prince of Life.

3 The power of death and hell he breaks,  
 His power and love to show ;  
 The prison doors asunder breaks,  
 And lets the captives go.

4 Then for this cause our bodies bend  
 Beneath the liquid wave,  
 In favour of our kindred friends  
 Who slumber in the grave;

5 That through the law the Prince doth give,  
 All who obedient prove,  
 Together on the earth may live,  
 When all is peace and love.

6 Thus, then, the dead we do baptise,  
 That when Christ comes again,  
 All Zion from beneath may rise,  
 And in his kingdom reign.

7 Then Saints below, and Saints above,  
 And Saints on earth, agree  
 To praise, in unison and love,  
 Our God eternally.

## HYMN 103. (8's &amp; 7's.)

1 See, the mighty angel flying !  
 See, he speeds his way to earth,  
 To proclaim the blessed Gospel,  
 And restore the ancient faith.

2 Hear, O men ! the proclamation,  
 Cease from vanity and strife,

Hasten to receive the Gospel,  
And believe the words of life.

3 Soon the earth will hear the warning,  
Then the judgments will descend—  
Oh ! before those days of sorrow,  
Make the Lord of Hosts your friend.

4 Then, when dangers are around you,  
And the wicked are distress'd,  
You, with all the Saints in Zion,  
Shall enjoy eternal rest.

HYMN 104. (8, 7, 4.)

1 On the mountain's top appearing,  
Lo ! the sacred herald stands !  
Welcome news to Zion bearing,  
Zion long in hostile lands.  
Mourning captive !  
God himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Lo ! thy sun is risen in glory !  
God himself appears thy friend ;  
All thy foes shall flee before thee,  
Here their boasted triumphs end.  
Great deliv'rance,  
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

3   Enemies no more shall trouble,  
   All thy wrongs shall be redress'd,  
 For thy shame thou shalt have double,  
   In thy Maker's favour blest ;  
     All thy conflicts  
   End in an eternal rest.

## HYMN 105. (S. M.)

1   And are we yet alive,  
   And see each other's face ?  
 Glory and praise to Jesus give,  
   For his redeeming grace !

2   Preserv'd by power divine,  
   To full salvation here,  
 Again in Jesus' praise we join,  
   And in his sight appear.

3   What troubles have we seen,  
   What conflicts have we past,  
 Fightings without, and fears within,  
   Since we assembled last !

4   But out of all, the Lord  
   Hath brought us, by his love ;  
 And still he doth his help afford,  
   And hides our life above.

5 Then let us make our boast  
 Of his redeeming power,  
 Which saves us to the uttermost,  
 Till we can sin no more.

6 Let us take up the cross,  
 Till we the crown obtain ;  
 And gladly reckon all things loss,  
 So we may Jesus gain.

HYMN 106. (C. M.)

1 All praise to our redeeming Lord,  
 Who joins us by his grace,  
 And bids us, each to each restor'd,  
 Together seek his face.

2 He bids us build each other up,  
 And gather'd into one,  
 To our high calling's glorious hope  
 We hand in hand go on.

3 The gift which he on one bestows,  
 We all delight to prove ;  
 The grace through every vessel flows  
 In purest streams of love.

4 E'en now we think and speak the same,  
 And cordially agree,

Concentrated, through Jesus' name,  
In perfect harmony.

5 We all partake the joy of one,  
    The common peace we feel—  
A peace to sensual minds unknown,  
    A joy unspeakable.

6 And if our fellowship below  
    In Jesus be so sweet,  
What heights of rapture shall we know,  
    When round his throne we meet !

HYMN 107. (S. M.)

1 How beauteous are their feet,  
    Who stand on Zion's hill !  
Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
    And words of peace reveal !

2 How charming is their voice,  
    How sweet their tidings are !  
“ Zion, behold thy Saviour King,  
    He reigns in triumph here.”

3 How blessed are our ears,  
    That hear this joyful sound,  
Which Kings and Prophets waited for,  
    And sought, but never found !

4 How blessed are our eyes,  
That see this heavenly light !  
Prophets and Kings desir'd it long,  
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm,  
Through all the earth abroad !  
Let every nation now behold  
Their Saviour and their God.

## HYMN 108. (L. M.)

1 Praise ye the Lord, my heart shall join  
In work so pleasant, so divine,  
Now while the flesh is mine abode,  
And when my soul ascends to God.

2 Praise shall employ my noblest powers  
While immortality endures,  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past  
While life, and thought, and being, last.

3 Why should I make a man my trust,  
Princes must die and turn to dust ;  
Their breath departs, their pomp, and  
power,  
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour !

- 4 Happy the man whose hopes rely  
On Israel's God—he made the sky,  
And earth, and seas, and all their train ;  
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 5 His truth for ever stands secure,  
He saves th' opprest, he feeds the poor,  
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,  
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.
- 6 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind !  
The Lord supports the sinking mind ;  
He helps the stranger in distress,  
The widow and the fatherless.
- 7 He loves his Saints, he knows them well,  
But turns the wicked down to hell :  
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns—  
Praise him in everlasting strains.

## HYMN 109. (L. M.)

- 1 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong,  
Crown him ye nations in your song,  
His wondrous names and powers rehearse,  
His honours shall enrich your verse.
- 2 He shakes the heavens with loud alarms,  
How terrible is God in arms ;  
In Israel are his mercies known,  
Israel is his peculiar throne.

3 Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest,  
 He's your defence, your joy, your rest ;  
 When terrors rise, and nations faint,  
 God is the strength of every Saint.

## HYMN 110. (C. M. D.)

1 To thee, O God, we do approach  
 With gratitude and praise,  
 To know thy character is such  
 As 'twas in former days ;  
 That thou hast made us in thy form,  
 Though now we fallen be,  
 Yet, still in fashion though a worm,  
 We'll rise to life with thee.

2 Thou dwellest in the purest light,  
 Where truth and glory shine ;  
 The brightest of perfected power  
 And majesty is thine.  
 But man, alas ! how prone to sin,  
 How subject to disease ;  
 Deform'd, and fallen, touch'd with death,  
 He bends to every breeze.

3 Yet thanks be to thy holy name,  
 For truth restor'd to earth,  
 That man, though lost, can now regain  
 A pure celestial birth,  
 And be restor'd to thy bright form,  
 Through constancy and love,

To see thy face, and live with thee,  
On earth, or heaven above.

4 What honour, glory, and renown,  
    Await the pure in heart,  
When they, transform'd to be like thee,  
    Shall all thy light impart,  
And have Eternal Lives to give,  
    And kingdoms, worlds, to sway !  
Where pain, nor death, nor sorrow feel,  
    Through all eternity.

HYMN 111. (L. M.)

1 Lord, thou hast search'd and seen me  
    through,  
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,  
My rising and my resting hours,  
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,  
Are to my God distinctly known ;  
He knows the words I mean to speak,  
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand,  
On every side I find thy hand,  
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,  
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great !  
What large extent, what lofty height !

My soul, with all the powers I boast,  
Is, in the boundless prospect, lost.

5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,  
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest !  
Nor let my weaker passions dare  
Consent to sin, for God is there.

**HYMN 112. (L. M.)**

1 The veil of night is no disguise,  
No screen from thy all-searching eyes ;  
Thy hand can see thy foes as soon  
Through midnight shades as blazing noon.

2 Midnight and noon in this agree,  
Great God ! they're both alike to thee ;  
Not death can hide what God will spy—  
And hell lies naked to his eye.

3 O may these thoughts possess my breast,  
Where'er I roam, where'er I rest !  
Nor let my weaker passions dare  
Consent to sin, for God is there.

**HYMN 113. (8, 8, 6.)**

1 Come, let us purpose with one heart  
To follow virtue, and impart  
The bliss of life below,

That we industriously may live,  
And by our labour have to give,  
As Gospel precepts show.

- 2 With diligence we'll still pursue  
Those acts of grace and mercy due  
To toil-worn lab'ring man !  
We'll aid the helpless, and secure  
The means of life, to bless the poor,  
And help them all we can.
- 3 Neat in our dress, not sumptuous clad,  
Nor vain, nor sombre—looking sad,  
In all our garments clean !  
Fresh in our bodies, whole our clothes,  
And free from all the spirit loathes,  
Not proud, nor lowly mean.
- 4 Still lab'ring with our head or hands,  
We may lay up for just demands,  
And honestly provide  
For spiritual light, and earthly things,  
That we may have the joy that brings  
A heaven to each fireside.

HYMN 114. (L. M.)

- 1 With all my powers of heart and tongue,  
I'll praise my Maker in my song ;  
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,  
Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord,  
I'll sing the wonders of thy word ;  
Not all thy works and names below,  
So much thy power and glory show.

3 To God I cried when troubles rose ;  
He heard me and subdued my foes ;  
He did my rising fears control,  
And strength diffus'd through all my soul.

4 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,  
Upheld and guided by thy hand—  
Thy words my fainting soul revive,  
And keep my dying faith alive.

## HYMN 115. (L. M.)

1 How sweet communion is on earth,  
With those who've realiz'd the birth  
Of water—who the Spirit's powers  
Receive, in genial quick'ning showers !

2 To such these sacred emblems prove  
Blest source of purity and love ;  
They onward to perfection press,  
Observing laws of righteousness.

3 Each evil they are taught to shun,  
Rememb'ring God's incarnate Son,  
Who suffer'd on th' accursed tree,  
To set the contrite sinner free—

4 Who would his sacred laws obey,  
 Being baptiz'd without delay ;  
 To such the promise still is given—  
 This is the door that opens heaven.

5 May we who have thus humbly fled  
 To Jesus, as our living Head,  
 This day our solemn vows record,  
 And ever live to serve the Lord,

6 Till we around that sacred board,  
 The marriage supper of our Lord,  
 Behold him crown'd, our vict'ries bring,  
 And own him as our sov'reign King.

## HYMN 116. (C. M.)

1 Ye sons of men, a feeble race,  
 Exposed to every snare,  
 Come, make the Lord your dwelling-place,  
 And try and trust his care.

2 No ill shall enter where you dwell ;  
 Or if the plague come nigh,  
 And sweep the wicked down to hell,  
 'Twill raise the Saints on high.

3 He'll give his angels charge to keep  
 Your feet in all your ways,  
 To watch your pillows while you sleep,  
 And guard your happy days.

4 Their hands shall bear you, lest you fall  
 And dash against the stones—  
 Are they not servants at his call,  
 And sent t' attend his sons?

5 Because on me they set their love,  
 I'll save them, saith the Lord ;  
 I'll bear their joyful souls above  
 Destruction and the sword.

6 My grace shall answer when they call,  
 In trouble I'll be nigh,  
 My power shall help them when they fall,  
 And raise them when they die.

## HYMN 117. (8, 7, 4.)

1 When the earth's abomination,  
 Like a stream, had overflown,  
 God declar'd, by revelation,  
 Man and beast should be o'erthrown,  
 And salvation  
 Was in Noah's ark alone.

2 When the Lord in justice moved,  
 Judgments did on Sodom pour,  
 Angels faithfully reproved,  
 Fire her cities did devour,  
 Lot removed,  
 In obedience, unto Zoar.

3 As the Son of Man predicted—  
 Salem should be scattered ;  
 Those alone could be protected,  
 Who obey'd what Jesus said :  
 Thus directed,  
 To the hills for refuge fled.

4 When distress in every nation,  
 In the Latter days, shall flow,  
 Judgments spread their desolation,  
 Where shall any refuge know ?  
 For salvation,  
 To the land of Zion go.

5 When the unbelieving tremble,  
 Judgments fill mankind with fear,  
 Saints in Zion shall assemble,  
 And celestial laws revere :  
 None dissemble—  
 All in peace and union there.

## HYMN 118. (L. M.)

1 When God's own people stand in need,  
 His goodness will provide supplies ;  
 Thus, when Elijah faints for bread,  
 A raven to his succour flies.

- 2 At God's command, with speedy wings,  
The hungry bird resigns its prey,  
And to the rev'rend Prophet brings  
The needful portion, day by day.
- 3 This method may be counted strange,  
But happy was Elijah's lot,  
For nature's course shall sooner change,  
Than God's dear children be forgot.
- 4 This wonder has been oft renew'd,  
And Saints, by sweet experience, find  
Their evils overrul'd for good,  
Their foes to friendly deeds inclin'd.
- 5 Who shall distrust that mighty hand  
Which rules with universal sway,  
Which nature's laws can countermand,  
Or feed us by a bird of prey ?

## HYMN 119. (L. M.)

- 1 O Lord, do thou in heaven seal  
The solemn pledge these two have made,  
And may they still be blest to feel  
The obligations on them laid !
- 2 And may their constancy of heart  
Be like the Master whom they serve,  
Nor ought in life ill thoughts impart,  
To cause them from this bond to swerve.

- 3 Give them intelligence, and light,  
To build their future bliss upon ;  
And may thy laws, by day and night,  
Unite their hearts, in thee, as one !
- 4 And may this solemn rite inspire  
The flame of pure connubial love,  
And virtue prompt each pure desire  
In all the scenes of life to move.
- 5 As sep'rate streams unite in one,  
And flowing deep, their channels wear,  
May they in love glide smoothly on,  
Still gath'ring, as they onward bear.
- 6 And, like each tributary stream,  
Their loving offspring still increase,  
Till generations, countless, seem  
An ocean of their loveliness !
- 7 Give him the power to guard and shield  
This helpmate of his future life,  
While she by softer passions, yields  
The solace of a virtuous wife !
- 8 And when their mortal course is run,  
May still this bond of love endure,  
Till they, celestial honours won,  
Live with the loving and the pure !

## HYMN 120. (L. M.)

- 1 How great the joy, that promis'd day,  
When the disciples met to pray ;  
Through the whole house the Spirit came,  
And crown'd their heads like tongues of  
flame.
- 2 The gifts dispens'd that happy hour,  
Attended with convincing power ;  
And every soul assembled there,  
In his own tongue the truth did hear.
- 3 Endow'd thus with the power of God,  
The Saviour's words they spread abroad—  
Go and declare the glorious scheme,  
My Gospel shall mankind redeem.
- 4 He that believes what you proclaim,  
And is baptiz'd in Jesus' name,  
My pard'ning ordinance shall have,  
And feel the Gospel's power to save.
- 5 The honest soul, though learn'd or rude,  
Shall by these tidings be subdued,  
And shall receive the Comforter,  
That by your hands I will confer.

6 Satan shall tremble at his loss,  
 And man enrag'd defend his cause ;  
 But ye shall win your widening way,  
 Till nations shall the truth obey.

## HYMN 121. (L. M.)

1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,  
 To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing ;  
 To show thy love by morning light,  
 And talk of all thy truths at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,  
 No mortal care shall seize my breast—  
 Oh ! may my heart in tune be found,  
 Like David's harp, of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,  
 And bless his works, and bless his word—  
 Thy works of grace how bright they shine,  
 How deep thy counsels, how divine !

4 But oh ! what triumph shall I raise  
 To thy dear name, through endless days,  
 When in the realms of joy I see  
 Thy face in full felicity !

5 Sin, my worst enemy before,  
 Shall vex my eyes and ears no more ;  
 My inward foes shall all be slain,  
 Nor Satan break my peace again.

6 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,  
 All I desir'd or wish'd below ;  
 And every power find sweet employ  
 In that eternal world of joy.

## HYMN 122. (C. M.)

1 Not to the terrors of the Lord,  
 The tempest, fire, and smoke ;  
 Not to the thunder of that word  
 Which God on Sinai spoke ;

2 But we shall come to Zion's hill,  
 The city of our God,  
 Where milder words declare his will,  
 And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold th' innumerable host  
 Of angels cloth'd in light !  
 Behold the spirits of the just,  
 Whose faith is turn'd to sight !

4 Behold the bless'd assembly there,  
 Whose names are writ in heaven !  
 And God, the Judge of all, declare  
 Their vilest sins forgiven.

5 The Saints on earth, and all the dead,  
 But one communion make ;

All join in Christ their living head,  
And of his grace partake.

6 In such society as this  
My weary soul would rest—  
The man that dwells where Jesus is  
Must be for ever blest.

HYMN 123. (C. M.)

1 Come Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,  
With all thy quick'ning powers ;  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these earthly toys ;  
Our souls, how heavily they go  
To reach eternal joys !

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise ;  
Hosannahs languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.

4 Father, and shall we ever live  
At this poor dying rate ?  
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
And thine to us so great.

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,  
 With all thy quick'ning powers ;  
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
 And that shall kindle ours.

## HYMN 124. (C. M.)

1 How happy every child of grace,  
 Who knows his sins forgiven ;  
 This world, he cries, is not my place,  
 I seek my place in heaven.

2 A country far from mortal sight,  
 Yet, oh ! by faith, I see  
 The land of rest, the Saints' delight,  
 The heaven prepar'd for me.

3 Oh ! what a blessed hope is ours ;  
 While here on earth we stay,  
 We more than taste the heavenly powers,  
 And antedate that day.

4 We feel the resurrection near,  
 Our life in Christ conceal'd,  
 And with his glorious presence here,  
 Our earthen vessels fill'd.

## HYMN 125. (C. M.)

1 When I can read my title clear  
 To mansions in the skies,

I'll bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And fiery darts be hurl'd,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
And storms of sorrow fall,  
So I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

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HYMN 126. (8, 8, 6.)

1 Except the Lord conduct the plan,  
The best concerted schemes are vain,  
And never can succeed—  
We spend our wretched strength for  
nought ;  
But if our works in thee are wrought,  
They shall be blest indeed.

2 Lord, if thou didst thyself inspire  
 Our souls with this intense desire—  
     Thy goodness to proclaim ;  
 Thy glory if we now intend,  
 O, let our deeds begin and end  
     Complete in Jesus' name.

3 In Jesus' name, behold, we meet,  
 Far from an evil world retreat,  
     And all its frantic ways ;  
 Only one thing resolv'd to know—  
 To square our useful lives below,  
     By reason and by grace.

4 Not in the tombs we pine to dwell,  
 Nor in the dark monastic cell,  
     By vows and grates confin'd ;  
 Freely to all ourselves we give,  
 Constrain'd by Jesus' love to live  
     The servants of mankind.

5 Now, Jesus, now thy love impart,  
 To govern each devoted heart,  
     And fit us for thy will ;  
 Deep founded in the truth of grace,  
 Build up the rising Church, and place  
     The city on the hill.

6 O, let our love and faith abound,  
 And let our lives, to all around,  
     With purest lustre shine,  
 That all around our works may see,  
 And give the glory, Lord, to thee,  
     The heavenly light divine.

## HYMN 127. (8, 8, 8, 7.)

1 The trials of the present day,  
 Require the Saints to watch and pray,  
 That they may keep the narrow way  
     To the Celestial glory.

2 For even Saints may turn aside,  
 For fear of ills that may betide,  
 Or else induc'd by worldly pride,  
     And lose Celestial glory.

3 O'er rugged cliffs, and mountains high,  
 Through sunless vales the path may lie,  
 Our faith and confidence to try  
     In the Celestial glory.

4 Why should we fear, though cowards say  
 Old Anak's host in ambush lay,  
 Or there's a lion in the way  
     To the Celestial glory.

5 Fear not, though life should be at stake,  
 But think how Jesus, for our sake,  
 Endur'd, that we might yet partake  
 Of the Celestial glory.

6 We, here, may sometimes suffer wrong,  
 But when we join with Enoch's throng,  
 We'll loudly echo vict'ry's song,  
 In the Celestial glory.

7 What though by some who seem devout,  
 Our names as evil are cast out,  
 If honour clothe us round about  
 In the Celestial glory.

8 Be steadfast, and with courage hold  
 The key of God's eternal mould,  
 That will the mysteries unfold  
 Of the Celestial glory.

9 O, let your hearts and hands be pure,  
 And faithful to the end endure,  
 That you the blessing may secure  
 Of the Celestial glory.

10 With patience cultivate within,  
 Those principles averse to sin,  
 And be prepar'd to enter in  
 To the Celestial glory.

11 Then let the Times and Seasons fly,  
 And bring the glorious period nigh,  
 When Zion will be rais'd on high  
 In the Celestial glory.

## HYMN 128. (C. M.)

1 God of all consolation, take  
 The glory of thy grace ;  
 Thy gifts to thee we render back,  
 In ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Through thee we here together came,  
 In singleness of heart ;  
 We met, O Jesus, in thy name,  
 And in thy name we part.

3 We part in body, not in mind ;  
 Our minds continue one,  
 And each to each, in Jesus join'd,  
 We hand in hand go on.

4 Subsist as in us all, one soul ;  
 No power can make us twain,  
 And mountains rise and oceans roll  
 To sever us in vain.

5 Present we still in spirit are,  
And intimately nigh,  
While on the wings of faith and prayer,  
We to each other fly.

6 Our souls are in his mighty hand,  
And he shall keep them still !  
And you and I shall surely stand  
With him on Zion's hill.

7 Him, eye to eye, we there shall see ;  
Each face like his shall shine—  
Oh ! what a glorious company,  
When Saints and angels join.

8 Oh ! what a joyful meeting there,  
In robes of white array'd,  
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,  
And crowns upon our head.

9 Then let us lawfully contend,  
And fight our passage through,  
Bear in our faithful minds the end,  
And keep the prize in view.

10 Then let us hasten to the day  
When all shall be brought home—  
Come, O Redeemer, come away,  
O Jesus, quickly come.

## HYMN 129. (C. M.)

- 1 Sing to the great Jehovah's praise ;  
All praise to him belongs :  
Who kindly lengthens out our days,  
Demands our choicest songs.
- 2 His providence has brought us through  
Another various year ;  
We all, with vows and anthems new,  
Before our God appear.
- 3 Father, thy mercies past we own,  
Thy still continued care ;  
To thee presenting, through thy Son,  
Whate'er we have or are.
- 4 Our lips and lives shall gladly show  
The wonders of thy love,  
While on in Jesus' steps we go  
To seek thy face above.
- 5 Our residue of days or hours,  
Thine, wholly thine shall be,  
And all our consecrated powers,  
A sacrifice to thee.
- 6 Till Jesus in the clouds appear,  
To Saints on earth forgiven,  
And bring the grand Sabbath year,  
The Jubilee of heaven.

## HYMN 130. (8's &amp; 7's D.)

1 O, my Father, thou that dwellest  
 In the high and glorious place !  
 When shall I regain thy presence,  
 And again behold thy face ?  
 In thy holy habitation,  
 Did my spirit once reside ?  
 In my first, primeval childhood,  
 Was I nurtur'd near thy side ?

2 For a wise and glorious purpose,  
 Thou hast plac'd me here on earth,  
 And withheld the recollection  
 Of my former friends and birth ;  
 Yet ofttimes a secret something  
 Whisper'd, You're a stranger here ;  
 And I felt that I had wander'd  
 From a more exalted sphere.

3 I had learn'd to call thee, Father,  
 Through thy Spirit from on high,  
 But until the Key of Knowledge  
 Was restor'd, I knew not why.  
 In the heavens are parents single ?  
 No, the thought makes reason stare !  
 Truth is reason—truth eternal  
 Tells me, I've a mother there.

4 When I leave this frail existence,  
 When I lay this mortal by,  
 Father, mother, may I meet you  
 In your royal court on high !  
 Then, at length, when I've completed  
 All you sent me forth to do,  
 With your mutual approbation,  
 Let me come and dwell with you.

## HYMN 131. (C. M.)

1 Weep not for him that's dead and gone,  
 Nor to despair be driven ;  
 Your child is sav'd through Jesus Christ ;  
 He now has gone to heaven—

2 Gone far away from wicked men,  
 To mingle with the good, [white  
 Who wash'd their robes and made them  
 In Christ's atoning blood.

3 'Tis true the trial was severe,  
 That tore him from your breast,  
 But oh ! do not desire him now,  
 For he has gone to rest.

4 When lying suff'ring on your knee,  
 Your heart was like to break,  
 And oft you sigh'd and wept aloud,  
 Oh ! could my child but speak !

5 And still you mourn his absence now,  
 And think you are bereav'd—  
 Sister, look up, thy God is good ;  
 Woman, thy child is sav'd.

6 "Shed not for him the bitter tear,  
 Nor give your heart to sore regret,  
 'Tis but the casket that lies here,  
 The gem that fill'd it sparkles yet."

HYMN 132. (8s & 7's. *Iambic.*)

1 The night is wearing fast away,  
 A stream of light is dawning,  
 Sweet harbinger of that bright day,  
 The fair Millennial morning.

2 Gloomy and dark the night has been,  
 And long the way and dreary,  
 And sad the weeping Saints are seen,  
 And faint, and worn, and weary.

3 Ye mournful pilgrims ! cease your tears,  
 And hush each sigh of sorrow,  
 The light of that bright morn appears—  
 The long Sabbathic morrow.

4 Lift up your heads—behold from far  
 A flood of splendour streaming !  
 It is the bright and Morning Star,  
 In living lustre beaming.

5 And see that star-like host around,  
 Of angel bands attending ;  
 Hark ! hark ! the trumpet's glad'ning  
 sound,  
 'Mid shouts of triumph blending

6 He comes ! the Bridegroom promis'd long ;  
 Go forth with joy to meet him,  
 And raise the new and nuptial song,  
 In cheerful strains, to greet him.

7 Adorn thyself, the feast prepare,  
 While bridal strains are swelling ;  
 He comes, with thee all joys to share,  
 And make this Earth his dwelling.

## HYMN 133. (L. M.)

1 Great God, attend while Zion sings  
 The joy that from thy presence springs ;  
 To spend one day with thee on earth,  
 Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place,  
 Within thy house, O God of grace,  
 Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power  
 Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun—he makes our day ;  
 God is our shield—he guards our way  
 From all the assaults of hell and sin,  
 From foes without and fears within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,  
 And crown that grace with glory too ;  
 He gives us all things, and withholds  
 No real good from upright souls.

5 Our God, our King, whose sov'reign sway,  
 The glorious hosts of heaven obey,  
 And devils at thy presence flee—  
 Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

## HYMN 134. (C. M.)

1 O God ! our help in ages past,  
 Our hope for years to come,  
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
 And our eternal home,

2 Under the shadow of thy throne,  
 Still may we dwell secure !  
 Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
 And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,  
 Or earth receiv'd her frame,

From everlasting thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in thy sight  
Are like an evening gone,  
Short as the watch that ends the night,  
Before the rising sun.

5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,  
With all their cares and fears,  
Are hurried downward by the flood,  
And lost in foll'wing years.

6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all his sons away ;  
They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the op'ning day.

7 O God ! our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be thou our guide while life shall last,  
And our perpetual home.

HYMN 135. (8's & 7's.)

1 May the grace of Christ our Saviour,  
And the Father's boundless love,  
With the Holy Spirit's favour,  
Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union  
 With each other and the Lord,  
 And possess, in sweet communion,  
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

## HYMN 136. (L. M.)

1 Praise God from whom all blessings flow,  
 Praise him, all creatures here below,  
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host,  
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## HYMN 137. (2-6 4 &amp; 3-6 4.)

1 Glory to God on high ;  
 Let heaven and earth reply,  
 Praise ye his name ;  
 His love and grace adore,  
 Who all our sorrows bore ;  
 Sing aloud evermore,  
 Worthy the Lamb.

2 Jesus, our Lord and God,  
 Bore sin's tremendous load,  
 Praise ye his name ;

Tell what his arm has done,  
 What spoils from death he won ;  
 Sing his great name alone—  
 Worthy the Lamb.

3 Let all the hosts above  
 Join in one song of love,  
 Praising his name.  
 To him ascribed be  
 Honour and majesty,  
 Through all eternity—  
 Worthy the Lamb.

## HYMN 138. (C. M.)

1 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 The God whom we adore,  
 Be glory, as it was, is now,  
 And shall be evermore.

## HYMN 139. (C. M.)

1 Alas ! and did my Saviour bleed,  
 And did my Sov'reign die,  
 Would he devote that sacred head  
 For such a worm as I !

2 Was it for crimes that I had done,  
 He groan'd upon the tree !  
 Amazing pity, grace unknown,  
 And love beyond degree !

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
 And shut his glories in,  
 When Christ, the mighty Maker, died  
 For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
 While his dear cross appears ;  
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
 And melt mine eyes in tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
 The debt of love I owe ;  
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
 'Tis all that I can do.

## HYMN 140. (L. M.)

1 'Twas on that dark, that solemn night,  
 When powers of earth and hell arose  
 Against the Son, e'en God's delight,  
 And friends betray'd him to his foes.

2 Before the mournful scene began,  
 He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake—  
 What love through all his actions ran !  
 What wondrous words of grace he spake !

3 "This is my body broke for sin,  
 Receive and eat the living food ;"

Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine,  
 "Tis the new cov'nant of my blood."

4 For us his flesh with nails was torn,  
 He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn,  
 And justice pour'd upon his head,  
 Its heavy vengeance in our stead.

5 For us his precious blood was spilt,  
 To purchase pardon for our guilt,  
 When for our sins he suff'ring dies,  
 And gives his life a sacrifice.

6 "Do this," he cries, "till time shall end,  
 In mem'ry of your dying friend ;  
 Meet at my table and record  
 The love of your departed Lord."

7 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,  
 We show thy death, we sing thy name,  
 Till thou return, and we shall eat  
 The marriage supper of the Lamb.

HYMN 141. (4-6's & 2-'8s.)

1 Arise, my soul, arise,  
 Shake off thy guilty fears,  
 The bleeding sacrifice  
 In my behalf appears ;

Before the throne my surety stands,  
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,  
For me to intercede,  
His all redeeming love,  
His precious blood to plead :  
His Blood aton'd for all our race,  
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,  
Receiv'd on Calvary ;  
They pour effectual prayers,  
They strongly speak for me—  
“Forgive him, oh ! forgive !” they cry,  
“Nor let the ransom'd sinner die !”

4 The Father hears him pray,  
His dear Anointed One ;  
He cannot turn away  
The presence of his Son :  
His Spirit answers to the Blood,  
And tells me I am born of God.

5 To God I'm reconcil'd,  
His pard'ning voice I hear !  
He owns me for his child,  
I can no longer fear ;

With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

HYMN 142. (C. M.)

- 1 Behold the Saviour of mankind,  
    Nail'd to the shameful tree ;  
How vast the love that him inclin'd  
    To bleed and die for thee.
- 2 Hark ! how he groans, while nature shakes,  
    And earth's strong pillars bend !  
The Temple's veil in sunder breaks,  
    The solid marbles rend.
- 3 Tis done ! the precious ransom 's paid—  
    “ Receive my soul,” he cries ;  
See where he bows his sacred head,  
    He bows his head and dies.
- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,  
    And in full glory shine ;  
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,  
    Was ever love, like thine !

## HYMN 143. (L. M.)

- 1 He died ! the great Redeemer died,  
And Israel's daughters wept around,  
A solemn darkness veil'd the sky,  
A sudden trembling shook the ground.
- 2 Come, Saints, and drop a tear or two  
For him who groan'd beneath your load ;  
He shed a thousand drops for you,  
A thousand drops of precious blood.
- 3 Here 's love, here 's grief, beyond degree,  
The Lord of glory died for men—  
But lo ! what sudden joys were heard,  
Jesus, though dead 's reviv'd again.
- 4 The rising Lord forsook the tomb ;  
In vain the tomb forbid him rise ;  
Cherubic legions guard him home,  
And shout him welcome to the skies.
- 5 Wipe off your tears, ye Saints, and tell  
How high your great deliv'rer reigns ;  
Sing how he triumph'd over hell,  
And how he'll bind your foe in chains.

6 Say, live for ever, wondrous King,  
 Born to redeem, and strong to save;  
 Then ask the monster, where's thy sting,  
 And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave!

## HYMN 144. (7's &amp; 6's D.)

1 O God, th' eternal Father,  
 Who dwells amid the sky!  
 In Jesus' name we ask thee  
 To bless and sanctify,  
 If we are pure before thee,  
 This bread and cup of wine,  
 That we may all remember  
 That off'ring so divine—

2 That sacred, holy off'ring,  
 By man least understood—  
 To have our sins remitted,  
 And take his flesh and blood,  
 That we may ever witness  
 The suff'rings of thy Son,  
 And always have his Spirit,  
 To make our hearts as one.

3 When Jesus, the Anointed,  
 Descended from above,  
 And gave himself a ransom,  
 To win our souls with love,

With no apparent beauty,  
 That men should him desire,  
 He was the promis'd Saviour,  
 To purify with fire.

4 How infinite that wisdom,  
 The plan of holiness,  
 That made salvation perfect,  
 And veil'd the Lord in flesh,  
 To walk upon his footstool,  
 And be like man, almost,  
 In his exalted station,  
 And die, or all was lost !

5 'Twas done, all nature trembled,  
 Yet, by the power of faith,  
 He rose as God triumphant,  
 And broke the bands of death,  
 And rising conq'ror, "captive  
 He led captivity,"  
 And sat down with the Father,  
 To all eternity.

6 He is the true Messiah  
 That died and lives again ;  
 We look not for another,  
 He is the Lamb 'twas slain ;  
 He is the Stone and Shepherd  
 Of Israel scatter'd far,  
 The glorious Branch from Jesse,  
 The bright and morning star.

7 Again, he is that Prophet  
 That Moses said should come,  
 Being rais'd among his brethren,  
 To call the righteous home.  
 And all that will not hear him,  
 Shall feel his chast'ning rod,  
 Till wickedness is ended,  
 As saith the Lord, our God.

8 He comes! he comes in glory,  
 The veil has vanish'd too,  
 With angels, yea, our fathers,  
 To drink this cup anew,  
 And sing the songs of Zion,  
 And shout, 'Tis done, 'tis done!  
 While every son and daughter  
 Rejoices—we are one.

## HYMN 145. (L. M.)

1 I know that my Redeemer lives;  
 What comfort this sweet sentence gives!  
 He lives, he lives, who once was dead!  
 He lives, my ever-living head!

2 He lives to bless me with his love,  
 He lives to plead for me above,  
 He lives my hungry soul to feed,  
 He lives to bless in time of need.

3 He lives to grant me rich supply,  
He lives to guide me with his eye,  
He lives to comfort me when faint,  
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.

4 He lives to silence all my fears,  
He lives to stop and wipe my tears,  
He lives to calm my troubled heart,  
He lives all blessings to impart.

5 He lives my kind, wise, heavenly friend,  
He lives and loves me to the end,  
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,  
He lives my Prophet, Priest, and King.

6 He lives, and grants me daily breath,  
He lives, and I shall conquer death,  
He lives my mansion to prepare,  
He lives to bring me safely there.

7 He lives, all glory to his name !  
He lives, my Jesus, still the same;  
O, the sweet joy this sentence gives,  
"I know that my Redeemer lives."

## HYMN 146. (4-7's, &amp; 4.)

- 1 Gently raise the sacred strain,  
For the Sabbath's come again,  
That man may rest,  
And return his thanks to God,  
For his blessings to the blest.
  
- 2 Holy day, devoid of strife,  
For to seek eternal life,  
That great reward;  
And partake the Sacrament,  
In remembrance of our Lord.
  
- 3 Sweetly swells the solemn sound,  
While we bring our gifts around,  
Of broken hearts,  
As a willing sacrifice,  
Showing what his grace imparts.
  
- 4 Happy type of things to come,  
When the Saints are gather'd home  
To praise the Lord,  
In eternity of bliss,  
All as one with one accord.

5 Holy, holy is the Lord,  
 Precious, precious is his word,  
     Repent and live :  
 Though your sins be crimson red,  
 Oh ! repent, and he'll forgive.

6 Softly sing the joyful lay,  
 For the Saints to fast and pray,  
     As God ordains ;  
 For his goodness, and his love,  
 While the Sabbath day remains.

## HYMN 147. (S. M.)

1 Ye children of our God,  
     Ye Saints of latter-days,  
 Surround the table of the Lord,  
     And join to sing his praise.

2 He gives his flesh and blood,  
     Our souls to purify,  
 And blesses us with every good,  
     And thus he brings us nigh.

3 We do remember him,  
     His sorrow, pain, and death,  
 And how with power he rose again,  
     Triumphant from the earth.

4 He triumph'd o'er the grave,  
 And soon ascended high,  
 Where thron'd in power he sits to save,  
 And bring the sinner nigh.

5 He soon will come again,  
 And, with his children, taste  
 The marriage supper of the Lamb,  
 With his own presence bless'd.

6 Array'd in spotless white,  
 We 'll then each other greet,  
 And see Messiah thron'd in might,  
 And worship at his feet.

## HYMN 148. (C. M.)

1 Behold thy sons and daughters, Lord,  
 On whom we lay our hands ;  
 They have fulfill'd the Gospel word,  
 And bow'd at thy commands.

2 O, now send forth the heavenly dove,  
 And overwhelm their souls  
 With peace and joy and perfect love,  
 As lambs within thy fold.

3 Seal them by thine own Spirit's power,  
 Which purifies from sin ;  
 And may they find from this good hour,  
 They are adopted in.

4 Strengthen their faith, confirm their hope,  
 And guide them in the way ;  
 With comfort bear their spirits up,  
 Until the perfect day.

## HYMN 149. (8's &amp; 7's.)

1 Jesus, mighty King in Zion,  
 Thou alone our guide shalt be,  
 Thy commission we rely on,  
 We will follow none but thee.

2 As an emblem of thy passion,  
 And thy vict'ry o'er the grave,  
 We who know the great salvation,  
 Are baptiz'd beneath the wave.

3 Fearless of the world's despising,  
 We the ancient path pursue—  
 \* Buried with our Lord, and rising  
 To a life divinely new.

## HYMN 150. (6-8's.)

1 In Jordan's tide the Prophet stands,  
 Immersing the repenting Jews ;  
 The Son of God the right demands,  
 Nor dares the holy man refuse.  
 Jesus descends beneath the wave,  
 The emblem of his future grave.

2 Wonder, ye heavens ! your Maker lies  
 In deeps conceal'd from human view ;  
 Ye men, behold him sink and rise,  
 A fit example this for you.  
 The sacred record, while you read,  
 Calls you to imitate the deed.

3 But lo ! from yonder op'ning skies,  
 What beams of dazzling glory spread !  
 Dove-like th' Eternal Spirit flies,  
 And lights on the Redeemer's head.  
 Amaz'd, they see the power divine  
 Around the Saviour's temples shine.

4 But hark, my soul, hark and adore,  
 What sounds are those that roll along !  
 Not like loud Sinai's awful roar,  
 But soft and sweet as Gabriel's song—  
 " This is my well-beloved Son,  
 I see, well pleas'd, what he hath done."

5 Thus th' Eternal Father spoke,  
 Who shakes creation with a nod;  
 Through parting skies the accents broke,  
 And bid us hear the Son of God—  
 Oh ! hear the Gospel word to-day,  
 Hear, all ye nations, and obey.

## HYMN 151. (8, 8, 6.)

1 Salem's bright King, Jesus by name,  
 In ancient times to Jordan came,  
 All righteousness to fill !

2 Twas there the ancient Prophet stood,  
 Whose name was John, a man of God,  
 To do his Master's will.

2 The holy Jesus did demand  
 His right to be baptized, then  
 The Prophet gave consent ;  
 On Jordan's banks they did appear,  
 The servant and his master dear,  
 Then down the bank they went.

3 Down in old Jordan's rolling stream,  
 The Prophet led the holy Lamb,  
 And there did him baptize :  
 Jehovah saw his darling Son,  
 And was well pleas'd in what he'd done,  
 And own'd him from the skies.

4 The op'ning heaven now complies,  
 The Holy Ghost like lightning flies  
 Down from the courts above,  
 And on the holy, heavenly Lamb,  
 The Spirit lights and does remain,  
 In shape like a fair dove.

5 This is my Son, Jehovah cries,  
 The echoing voice from glory flies—  
 Oh children, hear ye him ;  
 Hark ! 'tis his voice ; behold, he cries—  
 Repent, believe, and be baptiz'd,  
 And wash away your sin.

6 Come, children, come, his voice obey,  
 Salem's bright King has mark'd the way,  
 And has a crown prepar'd ;  
 O, then, arise and give consent,  
 Walk in the way that Jesus went,  
 And have the great reward.

7 Believing children, gather round,  
 And let your joyful songs abound,  
 With cheerful hearts arise ;  
 See, here is water, here is room,  
 A loving Saviour calling—Come,  
 O, children, be baptiz'd.

8 Behold his servant waiting stands,  
 With willing heart and ready hands,  
 To wait upon the bride !  
 Ye candidates, your hearts prepare,  
 And let us join in solemn prayer,  
 Down by the water side.

## HYMN 152. (L. M.)

1 O Lord, our Father, let thy grace  
 Shed its glad beams on Jacob's race,  
 Restore that long-lost, scatter'd band,  
 And call them to their native land.

2 Their mis'ry let thy mercy heal,  
 Their trespass hide, their pardon seal;  
 O God of Israel, hear our prayer,  
 And grant that they thy love may share.

3 How long shall Jacob's offspring prove  
 The sad suspension of thy love ?  
 And shall thy wrath for ever burn ?  
 And wilt thou ne'er to them return ?

4 Thy quick'ning Spirit now impart,  
 Awake to joy each grateful heart,  
 While Israel's rescued tribes, in thee,  
 Their life and full salvation see.

## HYMN 153. (L. M.)

- 1 Do we not know that solemn word,  
That we are buried with the Lord,  
Baptiz'd into his death, and then  
Put off the body of our sin.
- 2 Our souls receive diviner breath,  
Rais'd from corruption, guilt, and death ;  
So from the grave did Christ arise,  
And lives to God above the skies.
- 3 No more let sin or Satan reign  
Over our ransom'd souls again,  
The hateful lusts we serv'd before,  
Shall have dominion now no more.

## HYMN 154. (C. M.)

- 1 When youth and age are snatch'd away  
By death's resistless hand,  
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,  
And bow at God's command.
- 2 While love still prompts the rising sigh,  
With awful power impress'd,  
Let this dread truth—" I too must die !"  
Sink deep in every breast.

3 May this vain world, o'ercome, no more  
 Behold the op'ning tomb !  
 It bids us use the present hour—  
 To-morrow, death may come.

4 The voice of this instructive scene,  
 Let every heart obey !  
 Nor be the faithful warning vain,  
 Which calls to watch and pray.

5 Lord, let us to our refuge fly,  
 Thine arm alone can save ;  
 Give us through Christ the victory  
 To triumph o'er the grave.

## HYMN 155. (8's &amp; 7's.)

1 Now he's gone, we'd not recall him  
 From a paradise of bliss,  
 Where no evil can befall him,  
 To a changing world like this.

2 His lov'd name will never perish,  
 Nor his mem'ry crown the dust,  
 For the Saints of God will cherish  
 The remembrance of the just.

## HYMN 156. (4-6 &amp; 2-8.)

1. Never does truth more shine  
With beams of heavenly light,  
Than when the Scriptures join  
To prove it plain and right,  
Than when each text doth each explain,  
And all unite to speak the same.
2. Thus Peter, who obey'd  
What Jesus said, was wise;  
And preach'd as he was led—  
Repent, and be baptiz'd :  
Thus Philip did to th' eunuch say,  
If you believe in Christ, you may.
3. Paul preach'd the word of grace,  
Whole households did believe,  
And were baptiz'd to Christ,  
Whose Gospel they receiv'd :  
Thus Christians were, of ancient date,  
As sacred hist'ry doth relate.
4. We see 'tis no new thing,  
To teach and then baptize,  
So Christians first began  
Christ's ordinance to prize.  
This makes us cheerfully obey,  
And go as they have led the way.

## HYMN 157. (L. M.)

- 1 Come all ye sons of grace, and view  
Your bleeding Saviour's love to you ;  
Behold him sink with heavy woes,  
And give his life to save his foes.
- 2 When you behold the sacred wave,  
You see the emblem of his grave ;  
Come all who would his laws obey,  
And view the place where Jesus lay.
- 3 But not death's adamantine chain  
Could long the mighty Lord detain ;  
Behold him cheer the heavy gloom,  
And rise resplendent from the tomb.
- 4 When you ascend above the flood,  
Then call to mind the Son of God ;  
Ye Saints lift up your joyful eyes,  
Exulting see your Saviour rise.
- 5 Fresh from the stream, and fill'd with love,  
Far from the tents of guilt remove,  
Nobly from strength to strength proceed,  
And rise to every worthy deed.

## HYMN 158. (L. M.)

- 1 All you that love Immanuel's name,  
Whose spirits burn with ardent flame,  
To see his glory, learn his praise,  
And follow him in all his ways.
- 2 'Tis you, ye children of the light,  
The spirit and the bride invite ;  
Come, come, ye subjects of his grace,  
Where he reveals his smiling face.
- 3 Come to his Church, enter his gates ;  
For you his gracious presence waits ;  
Here peace and pardon are bestow'd—  
Great Gifts ! and worthy of a God.
- 4 Thus welcome, why should you delay ?  
He who invites has mark'd the way ;  
It is the way the Saviour came,  
He was baptiz'd in Jordan's stream.

## HYMN 159. (C. M.)

- 1 Dear Lord, and will thy pard'ning love  
Embrace a soul so vile !  
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,  
And bless me with thy smile !

2 Hast thou discharg'd the dreadful debt,  
 And set the pris'ner free !  
 Canst thou each bold affront forget,  
 And save a wretch like me.

3 And shall my proud, rebellious heart,  
 Yet murmur at that will !  
 Shall I from thy commands depart,  
 And wander from thee still !

4 Hast thou for me the cross endur'd,  
 And all the shame despis'd !  
 And shall I be asham'd, O Lord,  
 With thee to be baptiz'd !

5 Didst thou the great example lead,  
 In Jordan's swelling flood !  
 And shall my pride disdain a deed,  
 That's worthy of my God !

6 Dear Lord, thy condescending love,  
 Reproves my cold delays—  
 My wand'ring steps how slow they move,  
 How careless in thy ways !

7 And shall I still rebellious stand !  
 Let fear and shame be gone,  
 This ordinance is thy command,  
 Thy will, my God, be done.

## HYMN 160. (4-6 &amp; 2-8.)

1 Behold the Lamb of God !  
 In his divine array,  
 Go down into the flood,  
 His Father to obey,  
 In Jordan's stream to be baptiz'd,  
 Though by a carnal world despis'd.

2 Can we pretend to know  
 More fully God's design !  
 Can we pretend to show  
 A conduct more divine !  
 Can we neglect this ordinance,  
 Without an insult to our Prince !

3 Jesus, we will obey  
 Thy practice and command :  
 Behold us here to-day !  
 We in thy presence stand,  
 Devoted to thy blessed will,  
 Ready thy pleasure to fulfil.

4 We sink beneath the wave,  
 The water we go through,  
 The emblem of thy grave,  
 And resurrection too ;  
 We die, are buried, rise again,  
 In hopes with thee to live and reign.

5 Great Father, cast thine eye,  
 And drive away our fear ;  
 Our every want supply,  
 Give grace to persevere ;  
 And then rejoicing we will go  
 To do our Father's will below.

## HYMN 161. (L. M.)

1 'Twas the commission of our Lord,  
 " Go teach the nations and baptize"—  
 The nations have receiv'd the word,  
 Since he ascended to the skies.

2 He sits upon th' eternal hills,  
 With grace and pardon in his hands,  
 And sends his cov'nant with the seals,  
 To bless the distant heathen lands.

3 "Repent, and be baptiz'd," he saith,  
 " For the remission of your sins :"  
 And thus our sense assists our faith,  
 And shows us what the Gospel means.

4 Our souls he washes in his blood,  
 As water makes the body clean ;  
 And the good Spirit from our God  
 Descends like purifyng rain.

5 Thus we engage ourselves to thee,  
 And seal our cov'nant with the Lord ;  
 Oh, may the great Eternal Three,  
 In heaven our solemn vows record !

## HYMN 162. (L. M.)

1 In ancient times a man of God  
 Came preaching in the wilderness ;  
 He did baptize in Jordan's flood,  
 Requiring fruits of righteousness.

2 Saying, Repent, the time 's fulfill'd,  
 The Son of God will soon appear ;  
 Make straight his paths and do his will,  
 For, lo ! his kingdom now is near.

3 I now baptize with water here,  
 For the remission of your sins,  
 But he shall send the Spirit's power,  
 To witness to your souls within.

4 Thus was Messiah's way prepar'd,  
 When first he came unto his own,  
 And by this means, when he appear'd,  
 The ready bride her Saviour own'd.

5 E'en so, in this the latter day,  
 Before he comes on earth to reign,  
 His servants must prepare his way,  
 And all his paths make straight again.

6 Come, then, ye wand'ring sheep who stray,  
 Arise, return unto your fold ;  
 Come, be baptiz'd without delay,  
 And thus pursue the paths of old.

## HYMN 163. (C. M.)

1 Father in heaven, we do believe  
 The promise thou hast made,  
 The word with meekness we receive,  
 Just as thy Saints have said.

2 We now repent of all our sin,  
 And come with broken hearts,  
 And to thy cov'nant enter in,  
 And choose the better part.

3 We'll now be buried in the stream,  
 In Jesus' blessed name,  
 And rise, while light shall on us beam,  
 The Spirit's heavenly flame.

4 O Lord, accept our humble prayer,  
 And all our sins forgive ;

New life impart from this good hour,  
And bid the sinner live.

5 Baptize us with the Holy Ghost,  
And seal us as thine own,  
That in thy Kingdom we may stand,  
And with thy Saints be one.

HYMN 164. (L. M.)

- 1 How foolish to the carnal mind,  
The ord'nances of God appear ;  
They count them as a puff of wind,  
And gaze with a contemptuous sneer.
- 2 What ! buried now beneath the flood,  
To wash away your guilt and sin ;  
Are not some other means as good ?  
Nay, better ! why appear so mean ?
- 3 Thus they despise the proffer'd grace,  
And die and perish in their sins !  
So the Assyrian leper thought—  
What ! wash in Jordan and be clean ?
- 4 Nay, in a rage he turn'd away,  
And would remain a leper still,  
But lo ! his humble servant's sway,  
Prevail'd at last, and turn'd his will.

5 He wash'd in Jordan's rolling flood,  
 And straightway found his flesh renew'd,  
 The virtue of the word of God,  
 Thus by experience he prov'd.

6 Poor sinners now would fain perform  
 Some great and meritorious deed,  
 Bow to the systems men have form'd,  
 And from their leprosy be freed.

7 Then why not yield to simple means ?  
 The Gospel is the power of God,  
 'Twill save the vilest from their sins,  
 Who yield obedience to the word.

## HYMN 165. (C. M.)

1 Lo ! on the water's brink we stand,  
 To do the Father's will,  
 To be baptiz'd by his command,  
 And thus the word fulfil.

2 O Lord, we've sinn'd, but we repent,  
 And put our sins away,  
 With joy receive the message sent  
 In this the latter-day.

3 Thou wilt accept our humble prayer,  
 And all our sins forgive,  
 For Jesus is the sinner's friend,  
 He died that we might live.

4 We lay our sinful bodies now,  
 Beneath the op'ning wave,  
 Then rise to life divinely new,  
 As from the bursting grave.

5 So when the trump of God shall blow,  
 The Saints shall burst the tomb,  
 Immortal beauty crown their brow,  
 With an immortal bloom.

## HYMN 166. (P. M.)

1 Come all ye sons of God, who have re-  
 ceiv'd the Priesthood,  
 Go spread the Gospel wide, and gather  
 in his people ;  
 The latter-day work has begun, to gather  
 scatter'd Israel in,  
 And bring them back to Zion, to praise  
 the Lamb.

2 Come all ye scatter'd sheep, and listen to  
 your Shepherd,  
 While you the blessings reap, which  
 long have been predicted ;  
 By Prophets long it's been foretold, he'll  
 gather you into his fold,  
 And bring you home to Zion, to praise  
 the Lamb.

3 Repent, and be baptiz'd, and have your  
sins remitted,  
And get the Spirit's seal—O then  
you'll be united :  
Go cast upon Him all your care, he will  
regard your humble prayer,  
And bring you home to Zion, to praise  
the Lamb.

4 And when your grief is o'er, and you've  
ended your affliction,  
Your spirits then will soar, to await  
the resurrection ;  
O, then His presence you 'll enjoy, in  
heavenly bliss your time employ,  
A thousand years in Zion, to praise the  
Lamb.

## HYMN 167. (4-6 &amp; 2-8.)

1 Repent, ye Gentiles all,  
And come and be baptiz'd ;  
It is the Saviour's call,  
He 's spoken from the skies,  
And sent the message we declare,  
His second coming to prepare.

2 Be buried with your Lord,  
And rise divinely new,  
'Tis his eternal word—  
The ancient path pursue.

The promis'd blessing now secure,  
The Spirit's seal, for ever sure.

3 Ye souls with sin distress'd,  
Who fain would find relief,  
Come, on his promise rest,  
He will assauge your grief,  
He'll send his Spirit from on high,  
When with the Gospel you comply.

4 Come, be adopted in,  
With Israel's chosen race,  
And wash away your sins,  
The promis'd blessing taste ;  
The covenant stands for ever sure,  
To all who to the end endure.

HYMN 168. (C. M.)

1 Hark ! from the tombs a doleful sound,  
My ears attend the cry—  
“ Ye living men, come view the ground  
Where you must shortly lie.

2 “ Princes, this clay must be your bed,  
In spite of all your towers ;  
The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,  
Shall lie as low as ours.”

3 Great God ! is this our certain doom !  
 And are we still secure,  
 Still walking downwards to the tomb,  
 And yet prepar'd no more !

4 Grant us the power of quick'ning grace,  
 To fit our souls to fly,  
 Then when we drop this dying flesh,  
 We'll rise above the sky.

## HYMN 169. (C. M.)

1 Why do we mourn for dying friends,  
 Or shake at death's alarms !  
 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,  
 To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too,  
 As fast as time can move !  
 Nor should we wish the hours more slow,  
 To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey  
 Their bodies to the tomb !  
 There once the flesh of Jesus lay,  
 And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his Saints, he blest,  
 And soften'd every bed—

Where should the dying members rest,  
But with their dying head !

5 Thence he arose, ascended high,  
And show'd our feet the way—  
Up to the Lord our feet shall fly,  
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,  
And bid our kindred rise—  
Awake ! ye nations under ground ;  
Ye Saints, ascend the skies.

HYMN 170. (L. M.)

1 Why should we start and fear to die !  
What tim'rous worms we mortals are,  
Death is the gate to endless joy,  
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,  
Fright our approaching souls away,  
And we shrink back again to life,  
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh ! if my Lord would come and meet,  
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,  
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,  
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed  
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,  
 While on his breast I lay my head,  
 And breathe my life out sweetly there.

## HYMN 171. (L. M.)

1 Creation speaks with awful voice—  
 Hark ! 'tis a universal groan  
 Re-echoes through the vast extent  
 Of world's unnumber'd called to mourn.

2 For sickness, sorrow, pain, and death,  
 With awful tyranny have reign'd,  
 While all eternity has shed  
 Her tears of sorrow o'er the slain.

3 But hark ! again a voice is heard  
 Resounding through the solemn gloom—  
 A mighty conq'ror has appear'd,  
 And rose triumphant from the tomb.

4 No longer let creation mourn,  
 Ye sons of sorrow, dry your tears,  
 Life—life—eternal life is ours,  
 Dismiss your doubts, dispel your fears.

5 The King shall soon in clouds descend,  
 With all the heavenly host above ;  
 The dead shall rise and hail their friends,  
 And always dwell with those they love.

6 No tears, no sorrow, death, or pain,  
 Shall e'er be known to enter there,  
 But perfect peace, immortal bloom,  
 Shall reign triumphant everywhere !

## HYMN 172. (L. M.)

1 The morning flowers display their sweets,  
 And gay their silken leaves unfold,  
 As careless of the noon-tide heats,  
 As fearless of the evening cold.

2 Nip'd by the wind's untimely blast,  
 Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,  
 The momentary glories waste,  
 The short-liv'd beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine,  
 When youth its pride of beauty shows,  
 Fairer than spring the colours shine,  
 And sweeter than the virgin rose.

4 Or worn by slowly rolling years,  
 Or broke by sickness in a day,  
 The fading glory disappears,  
 The short-liv'd beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new-rising from the tomb,  
 With lustre brighter far shall shine !  
 Revive with ever-during bloom,  
 Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,  
 If heaven but recompense our pains ;  
 Perish the grass, and fade the flower,  
 If firm the word of God remains.

## HYMN 173. (L. M.)

1 In ancient days men fear'd the Lord,  
 And by their faith receiv'd his word ;  
 Then God bestow'd upon the meek,  
 The Priesthood of Melchizedek.

2 By help of this their faith increas'd,  
 Till they with God spoke face to face ;  
 An Enoch, he would walk with God,  
 A Noah ride safe o'er flood.

3 Abr'am obtain'd great promises,  
And Isaac, he was also blest,  
A Jacob could prevail with God,  
The sea divide at Moses' rod.

4 The lion's mouth a Daniel clos'd, [clothes,  
The fire ne'er scorch'd his brethren's  
But time would fail to mention all  
The men of faith ; I'll just name Paul,

5 Who did to the third heavens arise,  
And view the wonders of the skies ;  
He saw and heard mysterious things,  
Yet all by faith, and not by wings.

6 Such blessings to the human race,  
Once more are tender'd by God's grace ;  
The Priesthood is again restor'd,  
For this let God be long ador'd.

7 Now we by faith, like Paul, and John,  
May see the Father and the Son,  
And view eternal things above,  
And taste the sweets of boundless love.

8 And if, like them, we hated be,  
Depriv'd sometimes of liberty,  
We will, like them, this faith defend,  
Whate'er our fate, unto the end.

9 O Lord, assist thy feeble worms,  
 This resolution to perform,  
 And we thy sacred name will praise,  
 Throughout the remnant of our days.

## HYMN 174. (7's.)

1 Now we 'll sing with one accord,  
 For a Prophet of the Lord,  
 Bringing forth his precious word,  
 Cheers the Saints as anciently.

2 When the world in darkness lay,  
 Lo ! he sought the better way,  
 And he heard the Saviour say,  
 " Go and prune my vineyard, Son ! "

3 And an angel, surely then,  
 For a blessing unto men,  
 Brought the Priesthood back again,  
 In its ancient purity.

4 Even Joseph he inspires,  
 Yea, his heart he truly fires,  
 With the light that he desires,  
 For the work of righteousness.

5 And the Book of Mormon, true,  
 With its Cov'nant, ever new,

For the Gentile, and the Jew,  
He translated sacredly.

6 The commandments to the Church,  
Which the Saints will always search,  
Where the joys of heaven perch,  
Came through him from Jesus Christ.

7 Precious are his years to come,  
While the righteous gather home,  
For the great Millennium,  
Where he'll rest in blessedness.

8 Prudent in this world of woes,  
He will triumph o'er his foes,  
While the realm of Zion grows  
Purer for eternity.

HYMN 175. (12's & 11's.)

1 Awake! O ye people, the Saviour is coming;  
He'll suddenly come to his temple, we hear;  
Repentance is needed of all that are living,  
To gain them a lot of inheritance near.

2 To-day will soon pass, and that unknown  
to-morrow  
May leave many souls in a more dreadful  
sorrow

Than came by the flood, or that fell on  
Gomorrah—  
Yea, weeping, and wailing, and gnashing  
of teeth.

3 Be ready, O islands, the Saviour is coming ;  
He 'll bring again Zion, the Prophets de-  
clare ;  
Repent of your sins, and have faith in re-  
demption,  
To gain you a lot of inheritance there.

4 A voice to the nations in season is given,  
To show the return of the glories of Eden,  
And call the Elect from the four winds of  
heaven,  
For Jesus is coming to reign on the earth.

## HYMN 176. (P. M.)

1 From the regions of glory an angel de-  
scended,  
And told the strange news how the babe  
was attended—  
Go, shepherds, and visit this heavenly  
stranger,  
Beneath that bright star, there 's your  
Lord in a manger !

Hallelujah to the Lamb,  
 Whom our souls may rely on ;  
 We shall see him on earth,  
 When he brings again Zion.

2 Glad tidings I bring unto you and each nation,  
 Glad tidings of joy, now behold your salvation ;  
 Arise, all ye pilgrims, and lift up your voices,  
 And shout—the Redeemer, while heaven rejoices.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

3 Let glory to God in the highest be given,  
 And glory to God be re-echoed in heaven !  
 Around the whole world let us tell the glad story,  
 And sing of his love, his salvation, and glory.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

4 The kingdom is yours by the will of the Father,  
 Whose uplifted hand just the righteous will gather ;  
 Before all the wicked will pass as by fire,  
 The heavens shall shine with the coming Messiah.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

## HYMN 177. (8, 8, 6.)

1 Hark! from afar, a fun'ral knell  
 Moves on the breeze—its echoes swell  
 The chorus for the dead!  
 A consort's moans are in the sound,  
 And sobs of children, weeping round  
 A parent's dying bed!

2 He's gone! his work on earth is done,  
 His battle's fought, his race is run—  
 Blest is the path he trod,  
 For he espous'd the glorious cause,  
 In prompt obedience to the laws  
 Of the eternal God.

3 He sleeps—his troubles here are o'er—  
 He sleeps where earthly ills no more  
 Will break the slumb'r'r's rest!  
 His dust is laid beneath the sod,  
 His spirit has return'd to God,  
 To mingle with the blest.

4 Death sunders every tender tie—  
 Pierc'd by his shaft, life's prospects lie  
 Like masts by tempests cleft!

But hope points forward to a scene  
 Where sorrow will not intervene,  
 Nor friends of friends be reft.

5 The Saviour conquer'd death—although  
 It slays our friends and lays them low :  
 Cloth'd in immortal bloom,  
 When Jesus Christ shall come to reign,  
 They 'll burst their icy bands in twain,  
 And triumph o'er the tomb.

HYMN 178. (6's & 7's D.)

1 Let us pray, gladly pray,  
 In the house of Jehovah,  
 Till the righteous can say,  
 “ Oh ! our warfare is over ! ”  
 Then we 'll dry up our tears,  
 Sweetly praising together,  
 Through the great thousand years,  
 Face to face with the Saviour.

2 What a joy will be there,  
 At the great resurrection,  
 As the Saints meet in air,  
 In their robes of perfection ;  
 Then the Lamb, then the Lamb,  
 With a God's mandatory,  
 AS I AM, THAT I AM,  
 Fills the world with his glory.

3 We can then live in peace,  
 With a joy on the mountains,  
 As the earth doth increase,  
 With a joy by the fountains ;  
 For the world will be blest,  
 With a joy to rely on,  
 From the east to the west,  
 Through the glory of Zion.

## HYMN 179. (C. M. D.)

1 Let Zion in her beauty rise,  
 Her light begins to shine,  
 Ere long her King will rend the skies,  
 Majestic and divine.  
 The Gospel's spreading through the land,  
 A people to prepare,  
 To meet the Lord and Enoch's band,  
 Triumphant in the air.

2 Ye heralds, sound the Gospel trump,  
 To earth's remotest bound ;  
 Go, spread the news from pole to pole,  
 In all the nations round—  
 That Jesus in the clouds above,  
 With hosts of angels too,  
 Will soon appear, his Saints to save,  
 His enemies subdue.

3 But ere that great and solemn day,  
 The stars from heaven will fall,  
 The moon be turned into blood,  
 The waters into gall,  
 The sun with blackness will be cloth'd,  
 All nature look affright !

While men, rebellious, wicked men,  
 Gaze heedless on the sight.

4 The earth shall reel, the heavens shake,  
 The sea move to the north,  
 The earth roll up like as a scroll,  
 When God's command goes forth ;  
 The mountains sink, the valleys rise,  
 And all become a plain,  
 The islands and the continents  
 Will then unite again.

5 Alas ! the day will then arrive  
 When rebels to God's grace,  
 Will call for rocks to fall on them,  
 And hide them from his face :  
 Not so with those who keep his law,  
 Their joy to meet their Lord  
 In clouds above, with them that slept  
 In Christ, their sure reward.

6 That glorious rest will then commence,  
 Which Prophets did foretell,  
 When Christ will reign with Saints on earth,  
 And in their presence dwell  
 A thousand years. Oh, glorious day !  
 Dear Lord, prepare my heart  
 To stand with thee on Zion's mount,  
 And never more to part.

7 Then when the thousand years are past,  
 And Satan is unbound,  
 O Lord, preserve us from his grasp,  
 By fire from heaven sent down,  
 Until our great last change shall come,  
 T' immortalize this clay,  
 Then we in the celestial world,  
 Will spend eternal day.

## HYMN 180. (L. M.)

1 My soul is full of peace and love,  
 I soon shall see Christ from above ;  
 And angels too, the hallow'd throng,  
 Shall join with me in holy song.

2 The Spirit's power has seal'd my peace,  
 And fill'd my soul with heavenly grace ;  
 Transported, I, with peace and love,  
 Am waiting for the throne above.

3 Prepare my heart, prepare my tongue,  
 To join this glorious, heavenly throng,  
 To hail the bridegroom from above,  
 And join the band in songs of love.

4 Let all my powers of mind combine  
 To hail my Saviour all divine,  
 To hear his voice, attend his call,  
 And crown him King and Lord of all.

HYMN 181. (12's & 11's D. *Anapæstic.*)

1 Now let us rejoice in the day of salvation,  
 No longer as strangers on earth need we  
     roam,  
 Good tidings are sounding to us and  
     each nation, [come.  
 And shortly the hour of redemption will  
 When all that was promis'd the Saints  
     will be given, [til even,  
 And none will molest them from morn un-  
 And earth will appear as the Garden of  
     Eden, [home.  
 And Jesus will say to all Israel, Come

2 We'll love one another, and never dis-  
     semble,  
 But cease to do evil, and ever be one;

And while the ungodly are fearing, and  
 tremble, [shall come.  
 We'll watch for the day when the Saviour  
 When all that was promis'd the Saints  
 will be given, [until even,  
 And none will molest them from morn  
 And earth will appear as the Garden of  
 Eden, [home.  
 And Jesus will say to all Israel, Come

3 In faith we'll rely on the arm of Jehovah,  
 To guide through these last days of trou-  
 ble and gloom; [over,  
 And after the scourges and harvest are  
 We'll rise with the just when the Saviour  
 doth come.  
 Then all that was promis'd the Saints  
 will be given, [of heaven,  
 And they will be crown'd as the angels  
 And earth will appear as the Garden of  
 Eden, [one.  
 And Christ and his people will ever be

## HYMN 182. (C. M.)

1 The glorious day is rolling on,  
 All glory to the Lord!  
 When fair as at creation's dawn,  
 The earth will be restor'd.

2 A perfect harvest then will crown  
The renovated soil,  
And rich abundance drop around  
Without corroding toil.

3 For in its own primeval bloom,  
Will nature smile again,  
And blossoms, streaming with perfume,  
Adorn the verdant plain.

4 The Saints will then, with pure delight,  
Possess the holy land,  
And walk with Jesus Christ in white,  
And in his presence stand.

5 What glorious prospects ! can we claim  
These hopes, and call them ours ?  
Yes, if, through faith in Jesus' name,  
We conquer Satan's powers ;

6 If we, like Jesus, bear the cross,  
Like him despise the shame,  
And count all earthly things but dross,  
For his most holy name.

7 Then, while the powers of darkness rage,  
With glory in our view,  
In Jesus' strength let us engage  
To press to Zion too.

8 For Zion will like Eden bloom,  
 And Jesus come to reign,  
 The Saints, immortal from the tomb,  
 With angels meet again.

## HYMN 183. (L. M.)

1 Behold, the great Redeemer comes  
 To bring his ransom'd people home,  
 He comes to save his scatter'd sheep,  
 He comes to comfort those who weep.

2 He comes all blessings to impart  
 Unto the meek and contrite heart,  
 He comes, he comes, his Saints admire,  
 He comes to burn the proud by fire.

3 He comes to bless the humble poor,  
 He comes creation to restore,  
 He comes the earth to purify,  
 He comes, but not again to die.

4 He comes, he comes unto his own,  
 He comes to reign on David's throne,  
 He comes to stand on Zion's hill,  
 He comes the Scriptures to fulfil.

5 He comes to tread the wicked down,  
 He comes the martyrs for to crown,

He comes to dry the mourner's tears,  
He comes to reign a thousand years.

6 He comes on Olive's mount to stand,  
He comes all Israel to defend,  
He comes to lay the sinner low,  
He comes that Judah may him know.

7 He comes to show his hands and side,  
He comes to wed his ready bride,  
He comes to reign as King of kings,  
He comes, and all creation sings.

HYMN 184. (S. M.)

1 Behold, the Saviour comes !  
Ye Saints, your hearts prepare,  
To Zion's mountain gather home,  
For soon you'll meet him there.

2 The signs which he foretold,  
Already do appear—  
Blood, smoke, and fire, we oft behold,  
And these bespeak him near.

3 Then let us lift our heads  
With joy, and sing his praise,  
The fig tree putting forth its buds,  
Bespeaks the latter days.

## HYMN 185. (L M.)

- 1 Earth is the place where Christ will reign  
With all his Saints a thousand years ;  
He'll end their sorrows and their pains,  
Dismiss their woes and dry their tears.
- 2 He'll burst the prison of their tombs,  
And bring the sleeping dust to light ;  
He'll clothe them with immortal bloom,  
Array'd in garments clear and white.
- 3 He'll cleanse the earth from wicked men,  
And bind old Satan with a chain ;  
He'll raise the meek and humble then,  
To thrones of power, and bid them reign.
- 4 Hosannah to the Son of God,  
Who soon will come to earth again,  
To smite the wicked with his rod,  
And o'er the earth exalted reign.

## HYMN 186. (L. M.)

- 1 Behold the mount of Olives rend !  
And on its top Messiah stand,  
His chosen Israel to defend,  
And save them with a mighty hand.

2 The mountains sink, the valleys rise,  
And all the land becomes a plain ;  
He brings deliv'rance to the Jews,  
While all their enemies are slain.

3 But lo ! what pen can paint the scene—  
His wounded hands and side they see,  
Where once the nails and spear have been !  
This our Messiah ! can it be ?

4 Whence then these wounds ? ah ! who  
has pierc'd  
Our great deliv'rer's heart and hands ?  
These are the wounds I once receiv'd  
Amid my kindred and my friends.

5 Thus the Messiah stands reveal'd,  
And they their bless'd deliv'rer own ;  
They're humbl'd when at last they find  
Jesus—Messiah, both are one.

6 Like Joseph's brethren, now they mourn,  
And humbly own a Saviour slain ;  
They crown him king on David's throne,  
That o'er the nations he may reign.

## HYMN 187. (L. M.)

1 Hosannah to the great Messiah,  
The long expected King of kings ;

He'll come and cleanse the earth by fire,  
And gather scatter'd Israel in.

- 2 On Zion's mount his throne shall be,  
His sanctuary stand secure,  
His sceptre o'er the nations sway,  
And all creation him adore.
- 3 He'll judge with justice for the poor,  
He will with equity reprove,  
He'll smite the wicked with his power,  
Oppression from the earth remove.
- 4 Princes, and kings, and dukes, and lords,  
And mighty men of great renown,  
Shall pray, though not unto the Lord,  
But to the rocks and hills bow down.
- 5 Ye rocks and mountains, on us fall,  
To hide us from the great Messiah,  
For lo ! the day of wrath has come,  
The Lord's great day of dreadful ire.
- 6 The poor and meek shall then rejoice,  
The Saints in peace possess the land,  
The sheep shall hear the Shepherd's voice,  
And with him on Mount Zion stand.

## HYMN 188. (7's.)

- 1 Jesus, once of humble birth,  
Now in glory comes to earth;  
Once he suffer'd grief and pain,  
Now he comes on earth to reign.
- 2 Once a meek and lowly Lamb,  
Now the Lord the great I AM;  
Once with thieves was crucified,  
Now on yonder cloud he rides.
- 3 Once he groan'd in blood and tears,  
Now in glory he appears;  
Once rejected by his own,  
Now their King he shall become.
- 4 Once forsaken, left alone,  
Now exalted to a throne;  
Once all things he meekly bore,  
But he now will bear no more.

HYMN 189. (8, 7, 8, 8, 7. *Iambic.*)

- 1 This earth shall be a blessed place,  
To Saints celestial given,  
Where Christ again shall show his face,  
With the redeem'd of Adam's race,  
In clouds descend from heaven.

2 Yes, when he comes on earth again,  
 The wicked burn as stubble ;  
 Thus all his enemies are slain,  
 And o'er the nations he shall reign,  
 And end the scenes of trouble.

3 The trump of war is heard no more,  
 But all their strife is ended,  
 While Jesus shall all things restore  
 To order, as they were before,  
 And peace o'er all extended.

4 Sing, O ye heavens ! let earth rejoice,  
 While Saints shall flow to Zion,  
 And rear the Temple of his choice,  
 And in its courts unite their voice  
 In praise to Judah's Lion.

5 Hosannah to the reign of peace,  
 The day so long expected,  
 When earth shall find a full release,  
 The groanings of creation cease,  
 The righteous well protected.

6 Come, sound his praise in joyful strains,  
 Who dwell beneath his banner ;  
 He'll bind old Satan fast in chains,  
 And wide o'er earth's extended plains  
 The nations shout Hosannah.

## HYMN 190. (7's &amp; 6's.)

- 1 At first, the babe of Bethlehem,  
Of meek and humble mien ;  
But next, the Lord from heaven,  
In glory shall be seen.
- 2 The first, so meek and lowly,  
Upon an ass he rode ;  
The second, crown'd with glory,  
Return'd to his abode.
- 3 The first was persecuted,  
And into Egypt fled—  
A pilgrim and a stranger,  
Not where to lay his head ;
- 4 The second, in his Temple  
All suddenly appears,  
And all his Saints come with him,  
To reign a thousand years.
- 5 The first, a man of sorrows,  
Rejected by his own,  
And Israel left in blindness  
To wander forth forlorn ;
- 6 The second brings deliv'rance—  
They crown him as their King,

They own him as their Saviour,  
And join his praise to sing.

7 The first was all compassion,  
And healing his employ ;  
The second, cloth'd in vengeance,  
The wicked shall destroy.

8 The first, he claim'd no kingdom  
Of this wide wicked world ;  
The last, all kings shall own him,  
Or from their thrones be hurl'd.

9 Let Jews and Gentiles mingle,  
Messiah—Jesus, own ;  
His first and second coming  
Will show that both are one.

HYMN 191. (4-6 & 2-8.)

1 Come, O thou King of kings !  
We've waited long for thee,  
With healing in thy wings,  
To set thy people free ;  
Come, thou desire of nations, come ;  
Let Israel now be gather'd home.

2 Come, make an end of sin,  
And cleanse the earth by fire,

And righteousness bring in,  
 That Saints may tune the lyre,  
 With songs of joy—a happier strain,  
 To welcome in thy peaceful reign.

3 Hosannahs now shall sound  
 From all the ransom'd throng,  
 And glory echo round  
 A new triumphal song,  
 The wide expanse of heaven fill  
 With anthems sweet from Zion's hill.

4 Hail ! Prince of Life and Peace,  
 Thrice welcome to thy throne,  
 While all the chosen race  
 Their Lord and Saviour own,  
 The heathen nations bow the knee,  
 And every tongue confess to thee.

HYMN 192. (7's & 6's D.)

1 Farewell, all earthly honours,  
 I bid you all adieu ;  
 Farewell, all sinful pleasures,  
 I want no more of you.  
 I want my union grounded  
 On that eternal soil,  
 Beyond the powers of Satan,  
 Where sin can ne'er defile.

2 I want my name engraven  
 Among the righteous ones,  
 Crying, holy, holy Father,  
 And wear a righteous crown.  
 For the sake of so pure riches,  
 I'm willing to pass through  
 All needful tribulations,  
 And count them my just due.

3 I'm willing to be chaste'n'd,  
 And bear my daily cross ;  
 I'm willing to be cleansed  
 From every kind of dross.  
 I see a fiery furnace,  
 I feel its piercing flames—  
 The fruits of it are holy,  
 The gold will still remain.

4 All earthly tribulations  
 Are but a moment here !  
 Then, oh ! if we prove faithful,  
 A righteous crown we'll wear ;  
 We shall be called holy,  
 And feed on angels' food,  
 Rejoicing in bright glory,  
 Before the throne of God.

5 There Christ himself has promis'd  
 A mansion to prepare,

For, all who serve him faithfully,  
 The cross, a crown shall wear ;  
 Bright crowns shall then be given  
 To all the ransom'd throng,  
 And glory, glory, glory,  
 Shall be the conq'ror's song.

## HYMN 193. (11's &amp; 9's.)

1    Redeemer of Israel,  
     Our only delight,  
   On whom for a blessing we call,  
     Our shadow by day,  
     And our pillar by night,  
   Our King, our companion, our all.

2    We know he is coming  
     To gather his sheep,  
   And plant them in Zion, in love,  
     For why in the valley  
     Of death should they weep,  
   Or alone in the wilderness rove !

3    How long we have wander'd  
     As strangers in sin,  
   And cried in the desert for thee !  
     Our foes have rejoic'd  
     When our sorrows they've seen,  
   But Israel will shortly be free.

1 As children of Zion,  
 Good tidings for us,  
 The tokens already appear ;  
 Fear not, and be just,  
 For the Kingdom is ours,  
 And the hour of redemption is near.

## HYMN 194. (L. M.)

- 1 What wondrous things we now behold,  
 Which were declar'd from days of old,  
 By Prophets, who, in visions clear,  
 Beheld these glories from afar.
- 2 The visions which Almighty God  
 Confirm'd by his unchanging word,  
 That to the ages then unborn,  
 His greatest work he would perform.
- 3 The second time he'd set his hand,  
 To gather Israel to their land,  
 Fulfil the cov'nants he had made,  
 And pour his blessings on their head.
- 4 When Moab's remnant, long opprest,  
 Shall gather'd be, and greatly blest ;  
 And Ammon's children scatter'd wide,  
 Return with joy, in peace abide.

5 While Elam's race, a feeble band,  
 Receive a share in the blest land,  
 And Gentiles all their power display,  
 'To hasten on the glorious day.'

6 Then Ephraim's sons, a warlike race,  
 Shall haste in peace and see their rest,  
 And earth's remotest parts abound  
 With joys of everlasting sound.

7 Assyria's captives, long since lost,  
 In splendour come, a num'rous host,  
 Egyptia's waters, fill'd with fear,  
 Their power feel and disappear.

8 Yes, Abr'am's children then shall be  
 Like sands in number by the sea,  
 While kindreds, tongues, and nations all,  
 Combine to make their numbers full.

9 The dawning of that day has come,  
 See! Abr'am's sons are gath'ring home,  
 And daughters too, with joyful lays,  
 Are hast'ning here to join in praise!

10 O God, our Father, and our King,  
 Prepare our voices and our theme,  
 Let all our powers of mind combine  
 To sing thy praise in songs divine.

## HYMN 195. (4-6 &amp; 2-8.)

1 Ye ransom'd of the Lord,  
 To Zion now return,  
 And seek a safe abode,  
 Before the wicked burn ;  
 The year of Jubilee draws near,  
 Jesus in clouds will soon appear.

2 Let Israel now return  
 Unto their ancient home,  
 Possess the Holy Land,  
 And build Jerusalem,  
 And there await the Jubilee ;  
 They shall the King of Glory see.

3 Let Gentiles throng the way  
 To Zion's happy land ;  
 Those who the truth obey,  
 Shall in his presence stand,  
 Shall shine with the celestial light,  
 And walk with Jesus Christ, in white.

4 Let Joseph's remnants come  
 To the celestial hill,  
 And throng the House of God,  
 And learn to do his will,  
 That Zion may arise, and shine  
 With light celestial and divine.

5 Let Saints in every clime,  
 Their waiting hearts prepare,  
 From every tribe and tongue,  
 To Zion's mount repair ;  
 The marriage of the Lamb is near,  
 The great Bridegroom will soon appear.

## HYMN 196. (L. M.)

- 1 An holy angel from on high,  
 The joyful message now has borne,  
 Which brings our longing spirits nigh,  
 To bow and worship near the throne.
- 2 Mercy and truth together meet,  
 And joy and peace with fond embrace,  
 The earth and heaven each other greet,  
 Their offspring truth and righteousness.
- 3 Lo ! from the heavens comes righteousness,  
 And truth from earth exulting springs ;  
 These join'd in one shall Israel bless,  
 Borne as it were on angels' wings.
- 4 Wide round the earth the echo flies,  
 From their long sleep the nations wake,  
 The righteous shout with glad surprise,  
 While the ungodly fear and quake.

5 Thus truth shall spread through every  
clime,  
And Israel's tribes be gather'd home,  
And watch for the appointed time,  
And see the great Messiah come.

## HYMN 197. (L. M.)

1 What wondrous scenes mine eyes behold !  
What glories burst upon my view !  
When Ephraim's record I unfold,  
All things appear divinely new.

2 Angels to earth good news have borne,  
Which fills our souls with joy and peace ;  
Good news to comfort those who mourn,  
And bring the captives full release.

3 Israel, so long oppress'd and griev'd,  
In every land, in every clime,  
Shall hear the word of God, and live !  
This is the time, the chosen time.

4 The scatter'd sheep who once were sold  
In darkness o'er the mountains far,  
Shall now return unto their fold,  
And there their waiting hearts prepare.

5 When lo ! their Shepherd shall descend,  
With all the glorious, heavenly throng,

Destroy the wolves, the sheep defend  
From every wo, from every wrong.

6 Glory to God! we tune the lyre,  
In loud hosannahs to his name ;  
Let Jews and Gentiles join the choir,  
And round the earth the news proclaim.

HYMN 198. (4-6 & 2-8.)

1 An angel from on high,  
The long, long silence broke ;  
Descending from the sky,  
These gracious words he spoke—  
Lo ! in Cumorah's lonely hill,  
A sacred record lies conceal'd.

2 Seal'd by Moroni's hand,  
It has for ages slept,  
To wait the Lord's command,  
From dust again to speak :  
It shall come forth to light again,  
To usher in Messiah's reign.

3 It speaks of Joseph's seed,  
And makes the remnant known,  
Of nations long since dead,  
Who once had dwelt alone !

The fulness of the Gospel too,  
Its pages will reveal to view.

4 The time is now fulfill'd—  
The long expected day ;  
Let earth obedient yield,  
And darkness flee away !

Open the seals and wide unfurl  
Its light and glory to the world.

5 Lo ! Israel, fill'd with joy,  
Shall now be gather'd home,  
Their wealth and means employ  
To build Jerusalem,  
While Zion shall arise, and shine,  
And fill the earth with truth divine.

HYMN 199. (C. M.)

1 Behold, the mountain of the Lord  
In latter days shall rise  
On mountain tops above the hills,  
And draw the wond'ring eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round—  
All tribes and tongues, shall flow ;  
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,  
And to His house, we'll go.

3 The rays that shine from Zion's hill,  
 Shall lighten every land ;  
 The king who reigns in Salem's towers,  
 Shall all the world command.

4 Among the nations he shall judge,  
 His judgments truth shall guide,  
 His sceptre shall protect the just,  
 And quell the sinner's pride.

5 No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds  
 Disturb those peaceful years ;  
 'To plowshares, men shall beat their swords,  
 To pruning hooks, their spears.

6 No longer host encount'ring host,  
 Shall crowds of slain deplore ;  
 They'll hang the trumpet in the hall,  
 And study war no more.

7 Come then, O house of Jacob, come,  
 To worship at His shrine,  
 And walking in the light of God,  
 With holy beauties shine.

HYMM 200. (L. M.)

1 Unvail thy bosom, faithful tomb,  
 Take this new treasure to thy trust !

And give these sacred relics room  
To slumber in the silent dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,  
Invade thy bounds—no mortal woes  
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,  
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept—God's dying Son  
Pass'd thro' the grave, and blest the bed ;  
Rest here, blest Saint, till from His throne  
The morning breaks, to pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn !  
Attend, O earth ! his sov'reign word,  
Restore thy trust—a glorious form  
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

HYMN 201. (L. M.)

1 Awake, my soul, and with the sun,  
Thy daily course of duty run,  
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Redeem thy misspent time that's past,  
Live this day as if 'twere thy last,

T Improve thy talents take due care !  
 'Gainst the great day thyself prepare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere,  
 Thy conscience as the noon-day clear ;  
 Think how th' all-seeing God, thy ways  
 And all thy secret thoughts, surveys.

4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,  
 And with the angels bear thy part,  
 Who all night long unwearied sing,  
 Glory to thee, Eternal King.

5 I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir,  
 May your devotion me inspire,  
 That I, like you, my days may spend,  
 Like you, may on my God attend.

6 May I, like you, in God delight,  
 Have all day long my God in sight,  
 Perform like you, my Maker's will ;  
 Oh ! may I never more do ill.

7 Glory to thee, who safe has kept,  
 And has refresh'd me while I slept ;  
 Grant, Lord, when I from death awake,  
 I may of endless life partake.

8 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;  
 Scatter my sins as morning dew!  
 Guard my first spring of thought and will,  
 And with thyself my spirit fill.

9 Direct, control, suggest, this day,  
 All I design, or do, or say,  
 That all my powers, with all their might,  
 In thy sole glory may unite.

10 Praise God from whom all blessings flow,  
 Praise him all creatures here below,  
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host  
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## HYMN 202. (C. M.)

1 Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear  
 My voice ascending high!  
 To thee will I direct my prayer,  
 To thee lift up mine eye—

2 Up to the heavens, where Christ has gone  
 To plead for all his Saints,  
 Presenting at the Father's throne,  
 Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight  
 The wicked shall not stand,

The righteous shall be thy delight,  
And dwell at thy right hand.

4 Oh ! may thy Spirit guide my feet  
In ways of righteousness,  
Make every path of duty straight,  
And plain before my face.

5 Oh ! do thou give my daily bread,  
And be my sins forgiven,  
And let me in thy temple tread,  
And learn from thee of heaven.

HYMN 203. (C. M.)

1 Once more, my soul, the rising day  
Salutes thy waking eyes,  
And let my heart its tribute pay  
To him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,  
And day renews the sound,  
Wide as the heavens on which he sits  
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame ;  
My tongue shall sing his praise,  
And I will glory in his name,  
While he extends my days.

4 And when my mortal course is done,  
 And I must yield my breath,  
 Oh! may my soul, bright as the sun,  
 Shine o'er the night of death.

## HYMN 204. (S. M.)

1. See how the morning sun  
 Pursues his shining way,  
 And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,  
 With every bright'ning ray.

2. Thus would my rising soul  
 Of heaven's parent sing,  
 And spread the truth from pole to pole,  
 Of Jesus, my great King.

3. In faith I laid me down  
 Beneath his guardian care,  
 I slept, and I awoke and found  
 That he was just as near.

4. O Lord, I want to live  
 So humble unto thee,  
 That in thy presence I may spend  
 A blest eternity.

5 Give me thy Spirit then,  
 To guide me through this day,  
 That I may be upright and just,  
 And always watch and pray.

## HYMN 205. (L. M.)

1 Wak'd from my bed of slumber sweet,  
 Refresh'd in body and in mind,  
 The morning light with joy I greet,  
 And offer up a song divine.

2 Thy praise, O God, shall be my theme,  
 While day and night their course pursue,  
 Till time shall end its transient dream—  
 Eternity the theme renew.

3 Thy mercy has preserv'd my soul, [fears ;  
 Through toils and dangers, griefs and  
 And still upon this earthly ball,  
 Thou length'nest out my days and years.

4 Oh ! grant me then thy Spirit's power,  
 To guide my feet in ways of peace,  
 Preserve me thine each day and hour,  
 Till from a world of sin released.

5 Then when my mortal life is clos'd,  
 Eternal glory mine shall be,  
 And all array'd in spotless white,  
 I shall the King of Glory see.

## HYMN 206. (C. M.)

1 Come, let us sing an evening hymn,  
 To calm our minds for rest;  
 And each one try, with single eye,  
 To praise the Saviour best.

2 Yea, let us sing a sacred song,  
 To close the passing day;  
 With one accord call on the Lord,  
 And ever watch and pray.

3 Oh ! thank the Lord for grace and gifts  
 Renew'd in latter days,  
 For truth and light to guide us right,  
 In wisdom's pleasant ways.

4 For every line we have receiv'd,  
 To turn our hearts above;  
 For every word and every good,  
 That fills our souls with love.

5 Oh ! let us raise a holier strain,  
 For blessings great as ours,  
 And be prepar'd, while angels guard  
 Us through our slumb'ring hours.

6 Oh ! may we sleep and wake in joy,  
 While life with us remains,  
 And then go home beyond the tomb,  
 Where peace for ever reigns.

## HYMN 207. (L. M.)

1 Glory to thee, my God, this night,  
 For all the blessings of the light ;  
 Keep me, oh ! keep me, King of kings,  
 Under the shadow of thy wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
 The sins that I this day have done,  
 That with the world, myself, and thee,  
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live that I may dread  
 The grave as little as my bed,  
 Teach me to die so that I may  
 Triumphant rise at the last day.

4 Oh! may my soul on thee repose,  
 And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close—  
 Sleep that may me more vig'rous make  
 To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,  
 My soul with heavenly thoughts supply,  
 Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
 No powers of darkness me molest.

6 Let my blest Guardian, while I sleep,  
 His watchful station near me keep,  
 My heart with love celestial fill,  
 And guard me from th' approach of ill.

7 May he celestial joys rehearse,  
 And thought in thought with me converse,  
 Or, in my stead, all the night long,  
 Sing to my God a grateful song.

8 Lord, let my soul for ever share  
 The bliss of thy paternal care ;  
 'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,  
 To see thy face, to sing thy love.

9 Oh, when shall I in endless day,  
 For ever chase dark sleep away,  
 And hymns divine with angels sing,  
 Glory to thee, eternal King.

10 Praise God from whom all blessings flow,  
 Praise him all creatures here below,  
 Praise him above, angelic host,  
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## HYMN 208. (L. M.)

1 Great God ! to thee my evening song,  
 With humble gratitude I raise ;  
 Oh ! let thy mercy tune my tongue,  
 And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days unclouded as they pass,  
 And every onward rolling hour,  
 Are monuments of wondrous grace,  
 And witness to thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,  
 Too oft regardless of thy love,  
 Ungrateful can from thee depart,  
 And from the path of duty rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood  
 Of Christ, my Lord ; His name alone  
 I plead for pardon, gracious God,  
 And kind acceptance at thy throne.

5 With hope in him mine eyelids close,  
 With sleep refresh my feeble frame;  
 Safe in thy care may I repose,  
 And wake with praises to thy name.

## HYMN 209. (C. M.)

1 Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray !  
 I am for ever thine !  
 I fear before thee all the day ;  
 Oh ! may I never sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,  
 From cares and business free,  
 'Tis sweet conversing on my bed,  
 With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice ;  
 And when my work is done,  
 Great God, my faith, my hope relies  
 Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus, with my thoughts compos'd to peace,  
 I'll give mine eyes to sleep ;  
 Thy hand in safety keeps my days,  
 And will my slumbers keep.

## HYMN 210. (S. M.)

1 The day is past and gone,  
 The evening shades appear ;  
 Oh ! may we all remember well,  
 The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,  
 While we retire to rest ;  
 So death will soon disrobe us all,  
 Of what we here possess.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,  
 Secure from all our fears ;  
 May angels guard us while we sleep,  
 Till morning light appears.

4 And when we early rise,  
 And view th' unwearied sun,  
 May we set out to win the prize,  
 And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,  
 And we from time remove,  
 Oh ! may we in thy Kingdom rest,  
 Where all is peace and love.

HYMN 211. (L. M. *Anapæstic.*)

- 1 Adieu, dearest brethren, adieu ;  
Reluctant we give you the hand,  
No more to assemble with you,  
Till we on Mount Zion shall stand.
- 2 Your acts of benevolence past,  
Your gentle compassionate love,  
Henceforth in our mem'ry shall last,  
Though far from your sight we remove.
- 3 Our hearts swell with tender regret,  
And sigh at each parting embrace,  
While heaven our course must direct,  
And others succeed in our place.
- 4 When trav'ling the Gospel to preach,  
Our course among strangers we steer,  
Repentance and faith we will teach  
To all that are willing to hear.
- 5 O Shepherd of Israel, draw near,  
Thy glorious presence display,  
Our parting reflections to cheer,  
And help us thy voice to obey.

6 Help us to refrain from each ill,  
 Press forward for glory and peace,  
 Our sacred engagements fulfil,  
 Till thou shalt command or release.

7 Then may we to Zion repair,  
 And wait our blest Master to see,  
 To spend the Millennium there,  
 From sin and from sorrow set free.

8 How cheerful the thoughts of that rest,  
 With Jesus our Saviour to reign,  
 Till we shall be chang'd with the blest,  
 And glory celestial obtain.

## HYMN 212. (7's &amp; 6's.)

1 Farewell, our friends and brethren !  
 Here take the parting hand ;  
 We go to preach the Gospel  
 To every foreign land.

2 Farewell, our wives and children,  
 Who render life so sweet ;  
 Dry up your tears—be faithful  
 Till we again do meet.

3 Farewell, ye scenes of childhood,  
 And fancies of our youth ;  
 We go to combat error,  
 With everlasting truth.

4 Farewell, all carnal pleasure,  
 Which gilds the scenes of mirth,  
 Your days are surely number'd  
 To trouble man on earth.

5 Farewell, farewell, our country—  
 Our home is now abroad,  
 To labour in the vineyard,  
 In righteousness for God.

6 The gallant ships are ready  
 To waft us o'er the sea,  
 To gather up the blessed,  
 That Zion may be free.

HYMN 213. (7's & 6's. D.)

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,  
 From India's coral strand,  
 Where Afric's sunny fountains  
 Roll down their golden sand ;

From many an ancient river,  
 From many a palmy plain,  
 They call us to deliver  
 Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes  
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,  
 Though every prospect pleases,  
 And only man is vile !  
 In vain with lavish kindness  
 The gifts of God are strown,  
 The heathen in his blindness  
 Bows down to wood or stone.

3 Shall we whose souls are lighted  
 With wisdom from on high—  
 Shall we, to men benighted,  
 The lamp of life deny !  
 Salvation ! oh, salvation !  
 The joyful sound proclaim,  
 Till earth's remotest nation  
 Has learn'd Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, the story,  
 And you ye waters roll,  
 Till, like a sea of glory,  
 It spreads from pole to pole ;  
 Till o'er our ransom'd nature,  
 The Lamb for sinners slain,  
 Redeemer, King, Creator,  
 In bliss, returns to reign.

HYMN 214. (11's. *Anapæstic.*)

- 1 How often in sweet meditation my mind,  
Where solitude reign'd, and aside from  
mankind,  
Has dwelt on the hour when the Saviour  
did deign  
To call me his servant to publish his name,
- 2 To lift up my voice and proclaim the glad  
news,  
First unto the Gentiles, and then to the  
Jews—  
That Jesus, Messiah, in clouds will de-  
scend,  
Destroy the ungodly, the righteous de-  
fend.
- 3 How rich is the treasure, ye servants of  
God,  
Entrusted to us, as made known by his  
word—  
The plan of salvation, the Gospel of grace,  
To publish abroad unto Adam's lost race.
- 4 Oh ! gladly we'll go to the isles, and pro-  
claim,  
And nations unknown then shall hear of  
his fame ;

Yea, kingdoms and countries, both Gentiles and Jews,  
 Shall see us, and hear us proclaim the glad news.

5 And millions shall turn to the Lord, and rejoice  
 That they have made Jesus, the Saviour, their choice;  
 From north and the south, from the east and the west,  
 We'll bring home our thousands in Zion to rest.

6 As clouds see them fly to their glorious home,  
 As doves to their windows in flocks see them come,  
 While empires shall tremble, and kingdoms shall rend,  
 And thrones be cast down, as wise Daniel proclaim'd;

7 And Israel shall flourish and spread far abroad,  
 Till earth shall be full of the knowledge of God;  
 And thus shall the stone of the mountain roll forth,  
 Extend its dominion, and fill the whole earth.

## HYMN 215. (C. M. D.)

1 The gallant ship is under way,  
 To bear me off to sea,  
 And yonder floats the streamer gay,  
 That says she waits for me ;  
 The seamen dip their ready oar,  
 As ebbing waves oft tell,  
 They bear me swiftly from the shore—  
 My native land, farewell.

2 I go, but not to plough the main,  
 To ease a restless mind ;  
 Nor do I toil on battle's plain,  
 The victor's wreath to twine.  
 'Tis not for treasures that are hid  
 In mountain, or in dell !  
 'Tis not for joys like these, I bid  
 My native land, farewell.

3 I go to break the fowler's snare,  
 To gather Israel home ;  
 I go the name of Christ to bear  
 In lands and isles unknown.  
 And when my pilgrim-feet shall tread  
 On lands where darkness dwells,  
 Where light and truth have long since fled,  
 My native land, farewell.

4 I go, an erring child of dust,  
 Ten thousand foes among !  
 Yet on this mighty arm I trust,  
 That makes the feeble strong.  
 My sun, my shield, for ever nigh,  
 He will my fears dispel ;  
 This hope supports me when I sigh  
 My native land, farewell.

5 I go devoted to his cause,  
 And to his will resign'd ;  
 His presence will supply the loss  
 Of all I leave behind ;  
 His promise cheers the sinking heart,  
 And lights the darkest cell,  
 To exil'd pilgrims grace imparts—  
 My native land, farewell.

6 I go, because my Master calls,  
 He's made my duty plain ;  
 No danger can the heart appal,  
 When Jesus stoops to reign !  
 And now the vessel's side we've made,  
 The sails their bosoms swell,  
 Thy beauties in the distance fade,  
 My native land, farewell.

## HYMN 216. (8, 7, 4.)

1 Yes, my native land, I love thee,  
 All thy scenes, I love them well !  
 Friends, connexions, happy country,  
 Can I bid you all farewell ?  
 Can I leave thee,  
 Far in distant lands to dwell ?

2 Home ! thy joys are passing lovely—  
 Joys no stranger heart can tell !  
 Happy home ! 'tis sure I love thee,  
 Can I—can I say, farewell ?  
 Can I leave thee,  
 Far in distant lands to dwell ?

3 Holy scenes of joy and gladness  
 Every fond emotion swell ;  
 Can I banish heartfelt sadness,  
 While I bid my home farewell ?  
 Can I leave thee,  
 Far in distant lands to dwell ?

4 Yes ! I hasten from you gladly,  
 From the scenes I love so well ;  
 Far away, ye billows, bear me,  
 Lovely native land, farewell !  
 Pleas'd I leave thee,  
 Far in distant lands to dwell.

5 In the deserts let me labour,  
 On the mountains let me tell  
 How he died—the blessed Saviour,  
 To redeem a world from hell !  
 Let me hasten  
 Far in distant lands to dwell !

6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean ;  
 Let the winds my canvass swell ;  
 Heaves my heart with warm emotion,  
 While I go far hence to dwell !  
 Glad I bid thee,  
 Native land, farewell, farewell !

HYMN 217. (L. M.)

- 1 Farewell, my kind and faithful friend—  
 The partner of my early youth,  
 While from my home my steps I bend,  
 To warn mankind and teach the truth.
- 2 How oft in silent evening mild,  
 I to some lonely place retire,  
 Thy love and kindness call to mind,  
 Then lift a voice in humble prayer.
- 3 O Lord, extend thine arms of love,  
 Around the partner of my heart,  
 For thou hast spoken from above,  
 And call'd me with my all to part.

4 Preserve her soul in perfect peace,  
 From sickness, sorrow, and distress,  
 Until our pilgrimage shall cease,  
 And we on Zion's hill shall rest.

5 How gladly would my soul retire  
 With thee, to spend a peaceful life,  
 In some sequester'd, humble vale,  
 Far from the scenes of noise and strife;

6 Where men should grieve our souls no  
 more,  
 Nor rage of sin disturb our peace,  
 Our troubles, toils, and suff'rings o'er,  
 Their lies and persecution cease.

## PART SECOND.

7 But lo ! the harvest wide extends,  
 The fields are white o'er all the plain,  
 The tares in bundles must be bound,  
 While we with care secure the grain.

8 Shall we repine when Jesus calls,  
 Or count the sacrifice too great,  
 To spend our lives as pilgrims here,  
 Or lose them for the Gospel's sake,

9 When Jesus Christ has done the same,  
 Without a place to lay his head?  
 A pilgrim on the earth he came,  
 Until for us his blood was shed.

10 Shall we behold the nations doom'd  
 To sword and famine, blood and fire,  
 Yet not the least exertion make,  
 But from the scene in peace retire?

11 No, while his love for me extends,  
 The pattern makes my duty plain—  
 I'll sound to earth's remotest ends,  
 His Gospel to the sons of men.

12 Farewell, my kind and faithful friend,  
 Until we meet on earth again,  
 For soon our pilgrimage shall end,  
 And the Messiah come to reign.

HYMN 218. (12's & 11's. *Anapæstic.*)

1 Adieu to the city where long I have  
 wander'd,  
 To tell them of judgments, and warn  
 them to flee;  
 \*How often in sorrow their woes I have  
 ponder'd—  
 Perhaps in affliction they'll think upon me.

2 With tears of compassion, in silence retiring,  
 The last ray of hope for your safety expiring,  
 A feeling of pity this bosom inspiring—  
 Sing this lamentation, and think upon me.

3 How often at evening your halls have resounded  
 With th' pure testimony of Jesus so free ;  
 While the meek were rejoicing, the proud were confounded,  
 The poor had the Gospel—they'll think upon me.

4 When empires shall tremble at Israel's returning,  
 And earth shall be cleans'd by the spirit of burning ;  
 When proud men shall perish, and priests with their learning,  
 Sing this lamentation, and think upon me.

5 When th' Union is sever'd, and liberty's blessings  
 Withheld from the sons of Columbia, once free ;  
 When bloodshed, and war, and famine distress them,  
 Remember the warning, and think upon me.

6 When this mighty city shall crumble to  
ruin, [undoing,  
And sink as a millstone, the merchants  
The ransom'd the highway of Zion pur-  
suing,  
Sing this lamentation, and think upon me.

## HYMN 219. (8, 7, 4.)

1 Come, thou glorious day of promise,  
Come and spread thy cheerful ray,  
When the scatter'd sheep of Israel  
Shall no longer go astray,  
When hosannahs,  
With united voice they 'll cry.

2 Lord, how long wilt thou be angry ?  
Shall thy wrath for ever burn ?  
Rise, redeem thine ancient people,  
Their transgressions from them turn.  
King of Israel,  
Come and set thy people free.

3 Oh, that soon thou wouldest to Jacob,  
Thy enliv'ning Spirit send,  
Of their unbelief and mis'ry  
Make, O Lord ! a speedy end.  
Lord, Messiah !  
Prince of Peace, o'er Israel reign.

## HYMN 220. (L. M.)

1 Farewell, ye servants of the Lord,  
To whom we oft have preach'd the word ;

- 1 May you improve the wisdom given,  
And lead ten thousand souls to heaven.
- 2 Farewell, ye Saints of latter days,  
With whom we've met in prayer and  
praise,  
In whose kind hearts the truth has shone,  
By which we're gather'd all in one.
- 3 Farewell, kind friends, whose hearts are  
true,  
We can no longer stay with you ;  
Arise, the voice of truth obey,  
Oh ! come, and wash your sins away.
- 4 Farewell to all whose stubborn will  
Binds them in chains of darkness still,  
Our voice no longer you shall hear,  
Till Jesus shall in clouds appear.
- 5 Then you shall see, and hear, and know,  
What you rejected here below ;  
Though you may sink in endless pain,  
Yet truth eternal will remain.

HYMN 221: (6-7's.)

- 1 When shall we all meet again ?  
When shall we our rest obtain ?  
When our pilgrimage be o'er ?  
Parting sighs be known no more ?  
When Mount Zion we regain,  
There may we all meet again.

2 We to foreign climes repair,  
Truth 's the message which we bear—  
Truth which angels oft have borne,  
Truth to comfort those who mourn ;  
Truth eternal will remain ;  
On its rock we'll meet again.

3 Now the bright and morning star  
Spreads its glorious light afar,  
Kindles up the rising dawn  
Of that bright millennial morn ;  
When the Saints shall rise and reign,  
In the clouds we'll meet again.

4 When the sons of Israel come,  
When they build Jerusalem,  
When the House of God is rear'd,  
And Messiah's way prepar'd ;  
When from heaven he comes to reign,  
Then may we all meet again.

5 When the earth is cleans'd by fire,  
When the wicked's hopes expire,  
When in cold oblivion's shade,  
Proud oppressors all are laid,  
Long will Zion's mount remain,  
There may we all meet again.

HYMN 222. (11's. *Anapæstic.*)

1 To leave my dear friends, and from neighbours to part,  
 And go from my home, it afflicts my poor heart,  
 With the thoughts of absenting myself far away  
 From the House of my God where I've chosen to pray.

2 But Jesus doth call me a message to bear,  
 To kingdoms, and countries, and islands afar :  
 His presence will bless me and be with me there,  
 His Spirit inspire me, in answer to prayer.

3 Then why should I linger, with fondest desire,  
 O'er home, and the raptures its comforts inspire !  
 For sweeter, oh, sweeter, the message I bear,  
 To comfort the mourner, in answer to prayer.

4 Dear friends, I must leave you, and bid you adieu,  
 And pay my devotion in parts that are new,

But still I'll remember in pilgrimage  
there, [prayer.

The joys that we tasted in answer to

5 How oft when the day's busy bustle has  
clos'd,

And nature lies sleeping in silent repose,  
To some lone retreat I will fondly repair,  
Remember my kindred, and pray for  
them there.

HYMN 223. (4-6's & 2-8's.)

1 When time shall be no more,  
Its joys and sorrows fled ;  
When all its cares are o'er,  
And number'd with the dead,  
Unveil'd, eternal truth shall shine,  
In its own image—all divine.

2 The Saints in robes of light,  
Shall walk the golden street,  
Shall bow before His throne,  
Or worship at his feet,  
Shall sit on thrones, exalted high,  
Enthron'd in might and majesty.

3 Oh, sinner, wouldest thou stand  
In that blest company ?  
Obey the Lord's command,  
And from thy sins be free ;  
I shall be there and look for thee ;  
Farewell ! till then remember me.

## HYMN 224. (P. M.)

1 An angel came down from the mansions  
of glory,  
And told that a record was hid in Cumo-  
rah,  
Containing the fulness of Jesus' Gospel,  
And also the cov'nant to gather his people.  
O Israel ! O Israel ! in all your abidings,  
Prepare for your Lord, when you hear  
these glad tidings.

2 A heavenly treasure, a book full of merit,  
It speaks from the dust by the power of  
the Spirit ;  
A voice from the Saviour that Saints can  
rely on,  
To watch for the day when he brings  
again Zion.  
O Israel ! O Israel ! &c.

3 O listen, ye isles, and give ear, every na-  
tion,  
For great things await you in this gene-  
ration—  
The kingdom of Jesus in Zion shall  
flourish,  
The righteous will gather, the wicked  
must perish.  
O Israel ! O Israel ! &c.

## HYMN 225. (L. M.)

- 1 Before this earth from chaos sprung,  
Or morning stars together sung,  
Jehovah saw what would take place  
In all the vast extent of space.
- 2 He spoke ! this world to order came,  
And men he made lords of the same,  
Great things to them he did make known,  
Which should take place in days to come.
- 3 Those holy men minutely told  
What future ages would unfold,  
Scenes God had purpos'd should take  
place,  
Down to the last of Adam's race.
- 4 But we will pass those ancients by,  
Who spoke and wrote by prophecy,  
Until we come to him of old,  
E'en Joseph, whom his brethren sold.
- 5 He prophesied of this our day,  
That God would unto Israel say—  
The Gospel light you now shall see,  
And from your bondage be set free.

6 He said God would raise up a Seer,  
 The hearts of Jacob's sons to cheer,  
 And gather them again in bands,  
 In latter days, upon their lands.

7 He likewise did foretell the name  
 That should be given to the same ;  
 His and his father's should agree,  
 And both, like his, should Joseph be.

8 This Seer like Moses should obtain  
 The word of God for man again ;  
 A spokesman God would him prepare,  
 His word when written to declare.

9 According to his holy plan,  
 The Lord has now rais'd up the man,  
 His latter-day work to begin,  
 To gather scatter'd Israel in.

10 This Seer shall be esteemed high  
 By Joseph's remnants, by and by ;  
 He is the man who's called to raise  
 And lead Christ's Church in these last  
 days.

11 The keys which Peter did receive,  
 To rear a kingdom, God to please,  
 Have once more been conferr'd on man,  
 To bring about Jehovah's plan.

12 The key of knowledge, long since lost,  
 Has virtue still, as at the first,  
 To bring to life things of great worth,  
 And thus with knowledge fill the earth.

13 Then none need to his neighbour say,  
 Know thou the Lord, this is the way ;  
 For all shall know him who shall stand,  
 Both old and young in all the land.

14 Now let the Saints both far and near,  
 And scatter'd Israel, when they hear  
 This news, rejoice in Israel's God,  
 And sing and praise his name aloud.

## HYMN 226. (L. M.)

1 A poor wayfaring man of grief  
 Hath often cross'd me on my way,  
 Who sued so humbly for relief,  
 That I could never answer, *Nay.*

2 I had not power to ask his name,  
 Whither he went or whence he came,  
 Yet there was something in his eye,  
 That won my love, I know not why.

3 Once, when my scanty meal was spread,  
He enter'd—not a word he spake !  
Just perishing for want of bread ;  
I gave him all ; he bless'd it, brake,

4 And ate, but gave me part again ;  
Mine was an angel's portion then,  
For while I fed with eager haste,  
The crust was manna to my taste.

5 I spied him where a fountain burst  
Clear from the rock—his strength was  
gone—  
The heedless water mock'd his thirst,  
He heard it, saw it hurrying on—

6 I ran and rais'd the suff'rer up ;  
Thrice from the stream he drain'd my cup,  
Dipp'd, and return'd it running o'er ;  
I drank and never thirsted more.

7 'Twas night, the floods were out, it blew  
A winter hurricane aloof ;  
I heard his voice abroad, and flew  
To bid him welcome to my roof.

8 I warm'd, I cloth'd, I cheer'd my guest,  
I laid him on my couch to rest,  
Then made the earth my bed, and seem'd  
In Eden's garden, while I dream'd.

9 Stripp'd, wounded, beaten nigh to death,  
 I found him by the highway side ;  
 I rous'd his pulse, brought back his breath,  
 Reviv'd his spirit, and supplied

10 Wine, oil, refreshment—he was heal'd ;  
 I had myself a wound conceal'd,  
 But from that hour forgot the smart,  
 And peace bound up my broken heart.

11 In prison I saw him next—condemn'd  
 To meet a traitor's doom at morn ;  
 The tide of lying tongues I stemm'd,  
 And honour'd him 'mid shame and scorn.

12 My friendship's utmost zeal to try,  
 He ask'd, if I for him would die ;  
 The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,  
 But the free spirit cried, “ I will ! ”

13 Then in a moment to my view,  
 The stranger started from disguise ;  
 The tokens in his hands I knew,  
 The Saviour stood before mine eyes.

14 He spake—and my poor name he nam'd—  
 “ Of me thou hast not been asham'd ;  
 These deeds shall thy memorial be ;  
 Fear not, thou didst them unto me.”

## HYMN 227. (7's &amp; 6's, D.)

1 Come, all ye sons of Zion,  
 And let us praise the Lord ;  
 His ransom'd are returning,  
 According to his word ;  
 In sacred songs and gladness,  
 They walk the narrow way,  
 And thank the Lord who brought them  
 To see the latter day.

2 Come, ye dispers'd of Judah,  
 Join in the theme and sing,  
 With harmony unceasing,  
 The praises of your King,  
 Whose arm is now extended,  
 On which the world may gaze,  
 To gather up the righteous  
 In these the latter days.

3 Rejoice, rejoice, O Israel !  
 And let your joys abound,  
 The voice of God shall reach you  
 Wherever you are found,  
 And call you back from bondage,  
 That you may sing his praise,  
 In Zion and Jerus'lem,  
 In these the latter days.

4 Then gather up for Zion,  
 Ye Saints throughout the land,  
 And clear the way before you,  
 As God shall give command.  
 Though wicked men and devils  
 Exert their power, 'tis vain,  
 Since He who is Eternal,  
 Has said you shall obtain.

## HYMN 228. (6-7's.)

1 Earth, with her ten thousand flowers,  
 Air with all its beams and showers,  
 Heaven's infinite expanse,  
 Ocean's resplendent countenance,  
 All around, and all above,  
 Have this record—God is love.

2 Sounds among the vales and hills,  
 In the woods and by the rills,  
 Of the breeze and of the bird,  
 By the gentle murmur stirr'd ;  
 Sacred songs, beneath, above,  
 Have one chorus—God is love.

3 All the hopes that sweetly start  
 From the fountain of the heart,  
 All the bliss that ever comes  
 To our earthly human homes,  
 All the voices from above,  
 Sweetly whisper—God is love.

## HYMN 229. (8, 7, 4.)

1 Guide us, O thou great Jehovah,  
 Saints unto the promis'd land !  
 We are weak but thou art able—  
 Hold us with thy powerful hand.  
 Holy Spirit,  
 Feed us till the Saviour comes.

2 Open, Jesus, Zion's fountains,  
 Let her richest blessings come,  
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,  
 Guard us to this holy home.  
 Great Redeemer,  
 Bring, oh, bring the welcome day !

3 When the earth begins to tremble,  
 Bid our fearful thoughts be still ;  
 When thy judgments spread destruction,  
 Keep us safe on Zion's hill,  
 Singing praises—  
 Songs of glory unto thee.

HYMN 230. (11's. *Anapæstic.*)

1 How firm a foundation, ye Saints of the Lord,  
 Is laid for your faith in his excellent word:  
 What more can he say than to you he hath said?  
 You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.

2 In every condition, in sickness, in health,  
 In poverty's vale or abounding in wealth,  
 At home or abroad, on the land or the sea,  
 As thy days may demand, so thy succour shall be.

3 Fear not, I am with thee; oh! be not dismay'd,  
 For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;  
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand  
 Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
 The rivers of sorrow shall not thee o'er-flow,  
 For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,  
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 When through fiery trials thy pathway  
shall lie,  
My grace all sufficient shall be thy supply,  
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design  
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.

6 E'en down to old age all my people shall  
prove  
My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love ;  
And then, when grey hairs shall their tem-  
ples adorn,  
Like lambs shall they still in my bosom  
be borne.

7 The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for  
repose,  
I will not, I cannot, desert to his foes ;  
That soul, though all hell should endea-  
vour to shake,  
I'll never, no never, no never forsake !

## HYMN 231. (6, 6, 8, D.)

1 How pleasant 'tis to see  
Kindred and friends agree,  
Each in his proper station move,  
And each fulfil his part,  
With sympathising heart,  
In all the cares of life and love.

2 'Tis like the ointment shed  
 On Aaron's sacred head,  
 Divinely rich, divinely sweet—  
 The oil, through all the room,  
 Diffus'd a choice perfume,  
 Ran through his robes, and blest his feet.

3 Like fruitful showers of rain,  
 That water all the plain,  
 Descending from the neighb'ring hills,  
 Such streams of pleasure roll,  
 Through every friendly soul,  
 Where love like heavenly dew distils.

## HYMN 232. (6, 6, 8, D.)

1 How pleas'd and blest was I,  
 To hear the people cry,  
 "Come, let us seek our God to-day."  
 Yes, with a cheerful zeal,  
 We 'll haste to Zion's hill,  
 And there our vows and honours pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,  
 Adorn'd with wondrous grace,  
 And walls of strength embrace thee round !  
 In thee our tribes appear,  
 To praise, and pray, and hear  
 The sacred Gospel's joyful sound.

3 There, David's greater Son,  
 Has fix'd his royal throne ;  
 He sits for grace and judgment there !  
 He bids the Saints be glad,  
 He makes the sinners sad,  
 And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gates,  
 And joy within thee wait,  
 To bless the soul of every guest.  
 The man that seeks thy peace,  
 And wishes thine increase,  
 A thousand blessings on him rest.

5 My tongue repeats her vows,  
 " Peace to this sacred house !  
 For here my friends and kindred dwell ; "  
 And since my glorious God  
 Makes thee his blest abode,  
 My soul shall ever love thee well.

## HYMN 233. (L. M.)

1 Know then that every soul is free  
 To choose his life and what he 'll be,  
 For this eternal truth is given,  
 That God will force no man to heaven.

2 He 'll call, persuade, direct him right,  
 Bless him with wisdom, love, and light ;  
 In nameless ways be good and kind,  
 But never force the human mind.

3 Freedom and reason make us men ;  
 Take these away, what are we then ?  
 Mere animals, and just as well,  
 The beasts may think of heaven or hell.

4 May we no more our powers abuse,  
 But ways of truth and goodness choose,  
 Our God is pleas'd when we improve  
 His grace, and seek his perfect love.

5 'Tis my free will for to believe,  
 'Tis God's free will, me to receive ;  
 To stubborn willers this I'll tell,  
 'Tis all free grace, and all free will.

6 Those that despise grow harder still,  
 Those that adhere, he turns their will,  
 And thus despisers sink to hell,  
 While those that hear in glory dwell.

7 But if we take the downward road,  
 And make in hell our last abode,  
 Our God is clear, and we shall know  
 We 've plung'd ourselves in endless wo.

## HYMN 234. (L. M.)

- 1 The great and glorious Gospel light  
Has usher'd forth into my sight,  
Which in my soul I have receiv'd,  
From death and bondage being freed.
- 2 With Saints below and Saints above,  
I'll join to praise the God I love,  
Like Enoch too, I will proclaim  
A loud hosannah to his name.
- 3 Hosannah ! let the echo fly  
From pole to pole, from sky to sky,  
And Saints and angels join to sing,  
Till all eternity shall ring.
- 4 Hosannah ! let the voice extend  
Till time shall cease, and have an end,  
Till all the throngs of heaven above,  
Shall join the Saints in songs of love.
- 5 Hosannah ! let the trump of God  
Proclaim His wonders far abroad,  
And earth, and air, and skies, and seas,  
Conspire to sound aloud His praise.

## HYMN 235. (L. M.)

- 1 The happy day has rolled on,  
The glorious period now has come,  
The angel sure has come again  
To introduce Messiah's reign.
- 2 The Gospel trump again is heard,  
The truth from darkness has appear'd,  
The lands which long in darkness lay,  
Have now beheld a glorious day—
- 3 The day by Prophets long foretold,  
The day which Abr'am did behold,  
The day that Saints desir'd so long,  
When God his strange work would perform;
- 4 The day when Saints again shall hear  
The voice of Jesus in their ear,  
And angels, who above do reign,  
Come down to converse hold with men.

## HYMN 236. (C. M.)

- 1 Come, listen to a Prophet's voice,  
And hear the word of God,  
And in the way of truth rejoice,  
And sing for joy aloud.

## CHORUS.

We've found the way the Prophets went,  
 Who liv'd in days of yore ;  
 Another Prophet now is sent,  
 This knowledge to restore.

2 The gloom of sullen darkness, spread  
 Through earth's extended space,  
 Is banish'd by our living head,  
 And God has shown his face.

3 Through erring schemes in days now past,  
 The world has gone astray,  
 Yet Saints of God have found at last,  
 The straight and narrow way.

4 'Tis not in man they put their trust,  
 Or on his arm rely,  
 Full well assur'd, all are accus'd,  
 Who Jesus Christ deny.

5 The Saviour to his people said—  
 Let all my words obey,  
 And signs shall follow you on earth,  
 Down to the latest day.

6 The sick, on whom the oil is pour'd,  
 And hands are meekly laid,  
 Are by the power of God restor'd,  
 Through faith, as Jesus said.

7 No more in slavish fear we mourn,  
 Nor yoke of bondage wear,  
 No more beneath delusion groan,  
 Nor superstitious fear.

8 Of every dispensation past,  
 Of every promise made,  
 The first be last, the last be first—  
 The living and the dead.

9 Saviours shall to Mount Zion come—  
 Their thousands bring to rest,  
 Throughout the great Millennium,  
 Eternally be blest.

## HYMN 237. (12's &amp; 11's.)

1 The Spirit of God like a fire is burning !  
 The latter-day glory begins to come forth,  
 The visions and blessings of old are re-  
 turning,  
 The angels are coming to visit the earth.  
 We 'll sing, and we 'll shout, with the ar-  
 mies of heaven—  
 Hosannah, hosannah to God and the Lamb !  
 Let glory to them in the highest be given,  
 Henceforth and for ever. Amen and Amen !

2 The Lord is extending the Saints' understanding,  
 Restoring their judges and all as at first,

The knowledge and power of God are expanding, [burst.

The veil o'er the earth is beginning to We'll sing, and we'll shout, &c.

3 We'll call in our solemn assemblies in spirit, To spread forth the Kingdom of Heaven abroad, [inherit

That we through our faith may begin to The visions and blessings and glories of God.

We'll sing, and we'll shout, &c.

4 We'll wash, and be washed, and with oil be anointed,

Withal not omitting the washing of feet, For he that receiveth his penny appointed, Must surely be clean at the harvest of wheat.

We'll sing, and we'll shout, &c.

5 Old Israel that fled from the world for his freedom, [amain,

Must come with the cloud and the pillar A Moses, and Aaron, and Joshua lead him, And feed him on manna from heaven again.

We'll sing, and we'll shout, &c.

6 How blessed the day when the lamb and  
the lion

Shall lie down together without any ire,  
And Ephraim be crown'd with his bless-  
ing in Zion,

As Jesus descends with his chariots of fire!  
We'll sing, and we'll shout, with the  
armies of heaven—

Hosannah, hosannah to God and the Lamb!  
Let glory to them in the highest be given,  
Henceforth and for ever. Amen and Amen!

HYMN 238. (11's. *Anapæstic.*)

1 The sun that declines in the far western  
sky,

Has roll'd o'er our heads till the summer's  
gone by,

And hush'd are the notes of the warblers  
of spring,

That in the green bower did exultingly  
sing.

2 The changes for autumn already appear,  
A harvest of plenty has crown'd the glad  
year,

While soft smiling zephyrs, our fancies to  
please,   
Bring odours of joy from the laden fruit  
trees.

3 As the summer of youth passes swiftly  
along,

And silvery locks soon our temples adorn,  
So the fair-smiling landscape and flowery  
lawn, the sun's bright beams  
Though lost in their beauty, their glory  
has come.

4 Oh ! when the sweet summer of life shall  
have fled,

Her joys and her sorrows entomb'd with  
the dead,

Then may we, by faith, like good Enoch  
arise,

And be crown'd with the just in the midst  
of the skies ;

5 Descend with the Saviour in glory pro-  
found,

And reign in perfection when Satan is  
bound,

While love and sweet union together shall  
blend,

And peace, gentle peace, like a river ex-  
tend.

## HYMN 239. (L. M.)

- 1 The towers of Zion soon shall rise  
Above the clouds, and reach the skies,  
Attract the gaze, and wond'ring eyes,  
Of all that worship, gloriously.
- 2 The Saints shall see their cities stand  
Upon the consecrated land,  
And Israel, num'rous as the sand,  
Inherit them eternally.
- 3 Oh ! that the day would hasten on,  
When wickedness shall all be gone,  
And Saints and angels join in one,  
To praise the Man of Holiness.
- 4 Then shall the veil of heaven rend,  
And the Son Aw-Man will descend,  
A vast eternity to spend,  
In perfect peace and righteousness.
- 5 Exalt the name of Zion's God,  
Praise ye his name in songs aloud,  
Proclaim his majesty abroad,  
Ye banner-bearing messengers.
- 6 Cry to the nations far and near,  
To come, and in the glories share,  
That on Mount Zion will appear,  
When earth shall rest from wickedness.

## HYMN 240. (P. M.)

1 There's a feast of fat things for the righteous preparing,  
 That the good of this world all the Saints  
     may be sharing,  
 For the harvest is ripe, and the reapers  
     have learn'd  
 To gather the wheat, that the tares may  
     be burn'd.  
 Come to the supper, come to the supper,  
 Come to the supper of the great Bride-  
     groom.

2 Go forth all ye servants unto every na-  
 tion,  
 And lift up your voices and make pro-  
     clamation  
 For to cease from all evil, and leave off  
     all mirth,  
 For the Saviour is coming to reign on the  
     earth.  
     Come to the supper, &c.

3 Go set forth the judgments to come, and  
     the sorrow,  
 For after to-day, oh! there cometh to-  
     morrow,

When the wicked, ungodly, rebellious,  
and proud,  
Shall be burn'd up as stubble—oh ! cry it  
aloud.

Come to the supper, &c.

4 Go, pass throughout Europe and Asia's  
dark regions,  
To China's far shores, and to Afric's black  
legions,  
And proclaim to all people as you're pass-  
ing by—  
The fig-trees are leaving, the summer is  
nigh.

Come to the supper, &c.

5 Go, call on the great men of fame and of  
power,  
The king on his throne, and the brave in  
his tower,  
And inform them all kingdoms must fall  
but the one  
As clear as the moon and as fair as the  
sun.

Come to the supper, &c.

6 Go, cry to all quarters, and then to the  
islands,  
To Gentiles and Jews, and proclaim  
to the heathens,

And exclaim to old Israel in every land,  
Repent ye! the Kingdom of Heaven's at  
hand.

Come to the supper, &c.

7 Go, carry glad tidings, that none need  
doubt whether [gether,  
The lamb and the lion shall lie down to-  
For the venom will cease when the devil  
is bound, [round.  
And peace, like a river, extend the world  
Come to the supper, &c.

8 Go, publish the Gospel, the truth of the  
Saviour, [find favour,  
That the poor and the meek may begin to  
And rejoice in their coming Redeemer  
and friend; [end.  
And lo! he is with you henceforth to the  
Come to the supper, &c.

9 Oh! go, and invite them, regardless of  
trouble,  
The rich and the learned, the wise and  
the noble, . . .  
That the guests may be ready when Jesus  
shall come,  
To welcome for ever the holy Bridegroom.  
Come to the supper, &c.

10 Go, gather the willing, and push them together,  
 Yea, push them to Zion, the Saints' rest for ever,  
 Where the best that the heavens and earth can afford,  
 Will grace the great marriage and feast of the Lord.

Come to the supper, &c.

11 Go, welcome his people, let nothing preclude you—  
 Come, Joseph, and Simeon, and Reuben, and Judah ;  
 Come, Naphtali, Issachar, Levi, and Dan, Gad, Zebulon, Asher, and come, Benjamin.  
 Come to the supper, &c.

12 Be faithful and just to the end of your calling,  
 Till Babylon the great—she is fallen ! is fallen !  
 Then return, and receive the just servant's reward,  
 And sit down to the feast of the House of the Lord.  
 Come to the supper, come to the supper, Come to the supper WITH the great Bridegroom.

## HYMN 241. (8, 7, 8, 8, 7.)

1 This earth was once a garden place,  
 With all her glories common,  
 And men did live a holy race,  
 And worship Jesus face to face,  
 In Adam-ondi-Ahman.

2 We read that Enoch walk'd with God,  
 Above the power of mammon,  
 While Zion spread herself abroad,  
 And Saints and angels sung aloud,  
 In Adam-ondi-Ahman.

3 Her land was good and greatly blest,  
 Beyond old Israel's Canaan ;  
 Her fame was known from east to west,  
 Her peace was great, and pure the rest  
 Of Adam-ondi-Ahman.

4 Hosannah to such days to come—  
 The Saviour's second coming,  
 When all the earth in glorious bloom,  
 Affords the Saints a holy home,  
 Like Adam-ondi-Ahman.

## HYMN 242. (6-8's or L. M.)

I Though in the outward Church below,  
 The wheat and tares together grow,

Jesus, ere long, will weed the crop,  
 And pluck the tares in anger up,  
 For soon the reaping time will come,  
 And angels shout the harvest home.

2 Will it relieve their horrors there,  
 To recollect their stations here ! [knew,  
 How much they heard, how much they  
 How much among the wheat they grew ?

3 No ! this will aggravate their case,  
 They perish'd under means of grace,  
 To them, the word of life and faith  
 Became an instrument of death.

4 We seem alike when thus we meet,  
 Strangers might think we all were wheat,  
 But to the Lord's all-searching eyes,  
 Each heart appears without disguise.

5 The tares are spar'd for various ends,  
 Some for the sake of praying friends,  
 Others, the Lord, against their will,  
 Employs, his counsels to fulfil.

6 But, though they grow so tall and strong,  
 His plan will not require them long,  
 In harvest, when he saves his own,  
 The tares shall into hell be thrown.

7 Oh! awful thought, and is it so!  
 Must all mankind the harvest know?  
 Is every man a wheat or tare?  
 Me for that harvest, Lord, prepare.

HYMN 243. (12's & 11's D. *Anapæstic.*)

1 What fair one is this, from the wilderness  
 trav'ling, [heart?  
 Looking for Christ, the belov'd of her  
 Oh! this is the Church, the fair bride of  
 the Saviour,  
 Which with every idol is willing to part,  
 While men in contention are constantly  
 howling, [ling,  
 And Babylon's bells are continually tol-  
 As though all the craft of her merchants  
 was failing, [earth.  
 And Jesus was coming to reign on the

2 There is a sweet sound in the Gospel of  
 heaven, [stand;  
 And people are joyful when they under-  
 The Saints on their way home to glory  
 are even [land.  
 Determin'd by goodness to reach the blest  
 Old formal professors are crying "delu-  
 sion," [confusion.  
 And high-minded hypocrites say, "'tis

While grace is pour'd out in a blessed effusion,  
And Saints are rejoicing to see priestcraft fall.

3 A blessing ! a blessing ! the Saviour is coming, [clar'd ;

As Prophets and pilgrims of old have de-  
And Israel, the favour'd of God, is begin-  
ning [prepar'd. To come to the feast for the righteous  
In the desert are fountains continually  
springing,

The heavenly music of Zion is ringing,  
The Saints all their tithes and their off'r-  
ings are bringing ;

They thus prove the Lord, and his blessing  
receive.

4 The name of Jehovah is worthy of praising,  
And so is the Saviour an excellent theme,  
The Elders of Israel a standard are raising,  
And calling all nations to come to the same,  
These Elders go forth, and the Gospel are  
preaching,

And all that will hear them they freely are  
teaching ;

And thus is the vision of Daniel fulfilling,  
The Stone of the mountain will soon fill  
the earth.

HYMN 244. (L. M. *Anapæstic.*)

- 1 When Joseph his brethren beheld,  
Afflicted and trembling with fear,  
His heart with compassion was fill'd,  
From weeping he could not forbear.
- 2 Awhile his behaviour was rough,  
To bring their past sins to their mind,  
But when they were humbled enough,  
He hasten'd to show himself kind.
- 3 How little they thought it was he,  
Whom they had ill-treated and sold !  
How great their confusion must be,  
As soon as his name he had told !
- 4 "I am Joseph your brother," he said,  
"And still to my heart you are dear,  
You sold me and thought I was dead,  
But God for your sakes sent me here."
- 5 Though greatly distressed before,  
When charg'd with purloining the cup,  
They now were confounded much more—  
Not one of them dar'd to look up.

6 "Can Joseph, whom we would have slain,  
 Forgive us the evil we did !  
 And will he our households maintain ?  
 Oh ! this is a brother indeed !"

## HYMN 245. (L. M.)

1 When restless on my bed I lie,  
 Still courting sleep, which still will fly,  
 Then shall reflection's brighter power,  
 Illume the lone and midnight hour.

2 If hush'd the breeze and calm the tide,  
 Soft will the stream of mem'ry glide,  
 And all the past, a gentle train,  
 Wak'd by remembrance, live again.

3 If the loud wind, the tempest high,  
 And darkness, wrap the sullen sky,  
 I muse on life's tempestuous sea,  
 And sigh, O Lord, to come to thee.

4 Toss'd on the deep and swelling wave,  
 Oh ! mark my trembling soul, and save !  
 Give to my view that harbour near,  
 Where thou wilt chase each grief and fear.

## HYMN 246. (C. M.)

1 Hark ! listen to the trumpeters,  
 They sound for volunteers ;  
 On Zion's bright and flowery mount,  
 Behold the officers.

2 Their horses white, their armour bright,  
 With courage bold they stand,  
 Enlisting soldiers for their King,  
 To march to Zion's land.

3 It sets my heart all in a flame,  
 A soldier for to be ;  
 I will enlist, gird on my arms,  
 And fight for liberty.

4 We want no cowards in our bands,  
 That will our colours fly ;  
 We call for valiant-hearted men,  
 Who're not afraid to die.

5 To see our armies on parade,  
 How martial they appear,  
 All arm'd and dress'd in uniform,  
 They look like men of war.

6 They follow their great General,  
 The great Eternal Lamb,

His garments stain'd in his own blood—  
King Jesus is his name.

7 The trumpets sound, the armies shout,  
They drive the hosts of hell;  
How dreadful is our God t' adore—  
The great Immanuel!

8 Sinners, enlist with Jesus Christ,  
Th' eternal Son of God,  
And march with us to Zion's land,  
Beyond the swelling flood.

9 There on a green and flowery mount,  
Where fruits immortal grow,  
With angels all array'd in white,  
And our Redeemer know.

10 We'll shout and sing for evermore,  
In that eternal world,  
While Satan, and his army too,  
Shall down to hell be hurl'd.

11 Lift up your heads, ye soldiers bold,  
Redemption's drawing nigh,  
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound  
That shakes the earth and sky.

12 In fiery chariots we shall rise,  
And leave the world on fire,

And all surround the throne of love,  
And join the heavenly choir.

HYMN 247. (P. M. *Anapæstic.*)

1 The pure testimony pour'd forth in the Spirit,  
Cuts like a keen two-edged sword,  
And hypocrites now are most sorely tormented,  
Because they're condemn'd by the word.  
The pure testimony discovers the dross,  
While wicked professors make light of the cross,  
But Babylon trembles for fear of her loss.

2 Is not the time come for the Church to be gather'd  
Into the one Spirit of God?  
Baptiz'd by one Spirit into the one Body,  
Partaking Christ's flesh and his blood?  
They drink in one Spirit, which makes them all see [be,  
They're one in Christ Jesus wherever they  
The Jew and the Gentile, the bond and the free.

3 Then blow ye the trumpet in pure testimony,  
And let the world hear it again!

O, come ye from Babylon, Egypt, and  
Sodom,  
And make your way over the plain,  
And gird on your armour, ye Saints of the  
Lord, [word,  
For Christ will direct you by his living  
The pure testimony will cut like a sword.

4 The great prince of darkness is must'ring  
his forces,  
To make you his pris'ners again,  
By flatt'ries, reproaches, and vile persecu-  
tion,  
That you in his cause may remain ;  
But shun his temptations wherever they  
lay, [say,  
And mind not his servants whatever they  
The pure testimony will give you the day.

5 The world will not persecute those who  
are like them,  
But hold them the same as their own ;  
The pure testimony cries up, separation—  
And calls you your lives to lay down.  
Come out from their spirit, and practices  
too,  
The track of your Saviour keep still in  
your view, [through.  
The pure testimony will cut the way

6 A battle is coming between the two kingdoms,

The armies are gathering round,

The pure testimony and vile persecution

Will come to close battles ere long.

Then wash all your robes in the blood of the Lamb,

And walk in the Spirit as Jesus has done ;  
In pure testimony you will overcome.

HYMN 248. (L. M.)

1 Afflicted Saint, to Christ draw near,  
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear !  
His faithful words declare to thee,  
That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

2 Let not thy heart despond, and say,  
"How shall I stand the trying day?"  
He has engag'd by firm decree,  
That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

3 Should persecution rage and flame,  
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name ;  
In fiery trials thou shalt see  
That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

4 If faith is weak and foes are strong,  
And if the conflict should be long,

Thy Lord will make the tempter flee,  
For "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

- 5 When call'd to bear the weighty cross  
Of sore affliction, pain, and loss,  
Or deep distress, or poverty,  
Still "as thy day, thy strength shall be."
- 6 When ghastly death appears in view,  
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue ;  
He comes thy spirit to set free,  
And "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

HYMN 249. (6-7's.)

- 1 Daniel's wisdom may I know,  
Stephen's faith and patience show,  
John's divine compassion feel,  
Moses' meekness, Joshua's zeal,  
Run like the unwearied Paul,  
Win the prize, and conquer all.
- 2 Mary's love may I possess,  
Lydia's tender-heartedness,  
Peter's ardent spirit feel,  
James's faith by works reveal,  
Like young Timothy, may I,  
Every sinful passion fly.

3 Job's submission let me show,  
David's true devotion know,  
Samuel's call, O may I hear,  
Lazarus' happy portion share!  
Let Isaiah's hallow'd fire  
All my new-born soul inspire.

4 Mine be Jacob's wrestling prayer,  
Gideon's valiant, steadfast care,  
Joseph's purity impart,  
Isaac's meditative heart,  
Abr'am's friendship let me prove,  
Faithful to the God of love.

5 Most of all, may I pursue  
That example Jesus drew,  
In my life and conduct show  
How he liv'd and walk'd below,  
Day by day, through grace bestow'd,  
Imitate my dearest Lord.

6 Then shall I these worthies meet,  
With them bow at Jesus' feet,  
With them praise the God of love,  
With them share the joys above,  
With them range the blissful shore,  
Meet them all to part no more.

## HYMN 250. (L. M.)

- 1 When Joseph saw his brethren mov'd  
With keenest sorrow and distress,  
He could no longer hide his love,  
His warm emotions more suppress.
- 2 The mystery he did unfold,  
Then fell upon their necks in tears—  
I am your brother whom ye sold,  
Dismiss your doubts, dispel your fears.
- 3 'Twas God that sent me by command,  
To save you from the famine sore,  
To bring you into Egypt's land,  
Where you shall never hunger more.
- 4 What mingled feelings seiz'd their breasts,  
Surprise, and grief, and joy, and love,  
And shame, and sorrow, and distress,  
Alternate did their feelings move.
- 5 Lo ! this a lively type shall be,  
Of Joseph's remnant long unknown,  
The Gentiles shall their glory see,  
When to their brethren they're made known.

6 A curse, a bye-word long they've been,  
 Afflicted by the Gentile race,  
 Plunder'd and driven, sold and slain,  
 Or brought to shame and deep disgrace.

7 But lo ! their origin reveal'd,  
 Brings blessings on the Gentile world,  
 Their ancient records, long conceal'd,  
 Are like a banner now unfurl'd.

## HYMN 251. (C. M.)

1 Ye wond'ring nations, now give ear  
 Unto the angel's cry,  
 For lo ! from heaven he has appear'd,  
 To bring salvation nigh.

2 He 's brought the ancient records forth,  
 Unloos'd the mighty seal ;  
 His glory now shall fill the earth,  
 And wondrous things reveal.

3 The things of worth in ages gone,  
 From slumber it unfolds ;  
 And things to come, now rolling on,  
 The wise may now behold.

4 Its op'ning wonders burst to view,  
 All glorious and divine,  
 Point out the path that men pursue,  
 Down to the end of time.

5 The meek and humble shall rejoice,  
 The wise shall understand,  
 All Israel now shall know his voice,  
 And gather to their land.

## HYMN 252. (C. M.)

1 I saw a mighty angel fly ;  
 To earth he bent his way,  
 A message bearing from on high,  
 To cheer the sons of day.

2 Truth is the tidings which he bears,  
 The Gospel's joyful sound,  
 To calm our doubts, to chase our fears,  
 And make our joys abound.

3 He cries, and with a mighty voice—  
 Ye nations lend an ear,  
 And Isles and Continents rejoice,  
 The great Redeemer's near.

4 He cries, let every tongue attend,  
 And thrones and empires all—  
 Fear God, and make the King your friend,  
 The King, the Lord of all.

5 Fear God, and worship him, who made  
 The heavens, earth, and sea ;  
 Fear him, on whom your sins were laid,  
 Who died to make you free.

## HYMN 253. (8, 7, 4.)

1 Go, ye messengers of glory ;  
 Run, ye legates of the skies ;  
 Go and tell the pleasing story,  
 That a glorious angel flies,  
 Great and mighty,  
 With a message from the skies.

2 Go to every tribe and nation,  
 Visit every land and clime,  
 Sound to all the proclamation,  
 Tell to all the truth sublime,  
 That the Gospel  
 Does in ancient glory shine.

3 Go ! to all the Gospel carry,  
 Let the joyful news abound,  
 Go ! till every nation hear ye,  
 Jew and Gentile hear the sound.  
 Let the Gospel  
 Echo all the earth around.

4 Bearing seed of heavenly virtue,  
 Scatter it o'er all the earth ;  
 Go ! Jehovah will support you,  
 Gather all the sheaves of worth,  
 Then, with Jesus,  
 Reign in glory on the earth.

## HYMN 254. (4-6 &amp; 2-8.)

1 All hail the glorious day,  
 By Prophets long foretold,  
 When with harmonious lay,  
 The sheep of Israel's fold,  
 On Zion's hill his praise proclaim,  
 And shout hosannah to his name.

2 When Israel from afar,  
 And Judah scatter'd wide,  
 Shall to their land repair,  
 And there in peace abide ;  
 Directed by Jehovah's hand,  
 Shall dwell in peace in Zion's land.

3 From Zion's heavenly mount,  
 Shall healing waters flow,  
 And near this holy fount  
 Will trees immortal grow,  
 Whose heavenly balm the kingdoms feel,  
 Whose leaves will all the nations heal.

4 Jerusalem shall be  
 Our great Redeemer's throne ;  
 O'er all the earth and sea,  
 His glory be made known ;  
 Nations and kings, Messiah greet,  
 And lay their honours at his feet.

5 Strike, strike the golden lyre,  
 And ye, his angels, sing,  
 Let joy your bosoms fire,  
 And heaven with glory ring ;  
 From earth, and air, and sea, and skies,  
 Let the Redeemer's praise arise.

## HYMN 255. (L. M.)

1 The glorious plan which God has given,  
 To bring a ruin'd world to heaven,  
 Was fram'd in Christ by the new birth,  
 Was seal'd in heaven, was seal'd on earth.

2 As in the heavens they all agree,  
 The record's given there by Three ;  
 On earth three witnesses are given,  
 To lead the sons of earth to heaven.

3 Jehovah, God the Father's one ;  
 Another, His Eternal Son ;  
 The Spirit does with them agree—  
 The witnesses in heaven, are three.

- 4 Nor are we, in the second birth,  
Left without witnesses on earth,  
To grope as in eternal night,  
About the way to endless light.
- 5 Buried beneath the liquid wave,  
To know the Spirit's power to save,  
And feel the virtue of His blood,  
Are witnesses ordain'd of God.
- 6 In heaven, they all agree in one,  
The Father, Spirit, and the Son :  
On earth, these witnesses agree—  
The water, blood, and Spirit three.
- 7 One great connecting link is given  
Between the sons of earth and heaven—  
The Spirit seals us here on earth,  
In heaven records our second birth.
- 8 If we on earth possess those three,  
Mysterious saving unity,  
The Book of Life will record bear,  
Our names are surely written there.

## HYMN 256. (8's &amp; 7's.)

1 Truth reflects upon our senses,  
 Gospel light reveals to some :  
 If there still should be offences,  
 Woe to them by whom they come.

2 Judge not, that you be not judged,  
 Was the counsel Jesus gave ;  
 Measure given, large or grudged,  
 Just the same you must receive.

3 Jesus says, be meek, and lowly,  
 For 'tis high to be a judge ;  
 If I would be pure and holy,  
 I must love without a grudge.

4 It requires a constant labour,  
 All his precepts to obey ;  
 If I truly love my neighbour,  
 I am in the narrow way.

5 Once I said unto another,  
 In thine eye there is a mote,  
 If thou art a friendly brother,  
 Hold, and let me pull it out.

6 But I could not see it fairly,  
 For my sight was very dim ;  
 When I came to search more clearly,  
 In mine eye there was a beam.

7 If I love my brother dearer,  
 And his mote I would erase,  
 Then the light should shine the clearer,  
 For the eye 's a tender place.

8 Others I have oft reproved,  
 For an object like a mote,  
 Now I wish this beam removed,  
 Oh ! that tears would wash it out.

9 Charity and love are healing,  
 These will give the clearest sight ;  
 When I saw my brother's failing,  
 I was not exactly right.

10 Now I'll take no farther trouble,  
 Jesus' love is all my theme ;  
 Little motes are but a bubble,  
 When I think upon the beam.

## HYMN 257. (3-7 &amp; 4.)

1 Stars of morning, shout for joy,  
 Sing redemption's mystery,  
 Holy, Holy, Holy cry,  
 And praise the Lamb !

2 Ethiopia, stretch thy hand,  
 Come, ye tribes of every land,  
 Countless as the ocean's sand,  
 To praise the Lamb.

3 Bend thy bow, and come, good Lord,  
 Send thy Spirit with thy Word,  
 Now revive thy work, O Lord,  
 Thou bleeding Lamb.

4 My believing spirit fill,  
 Faith demands, it is thy will,  
 All things now are possible,  
 It shall be done.

5 Thus may we each moment feel,  
 Love him, serve him, praise him still,  
 Till we meet on Zion's hill,  
 To praise the Lamb.

6 Saviour, let thy kingdom come,  
 Now the Man of Sin consume,  
 Bring the blest Millennium,  
 Exalted Lamb.

HYMN 258. (11's & 12's. *Anapæstic.*)

1 Let Judah rejoice in this glorious news,  
 For the sound of glad tidings will soon  
 reach the Jews,

And save them far, far from oppression  
and fear,  
And deliv'rance proclaim to their sons far  
and near.

2 Long, long thou hast wander'd, an exile  
forlorn,  
And all that have seen thee have laugh'd  
thee to scorn ;  
Thou naught but affliction and sorrow  
hast seen, [has been.  
Heart-rending and cheerless thy pathway

3 In vain 'midst the nations for friends didst  
thou seek, [cause thou wast weak ;  
They have robb'd thee, and spoil'd thee, be-  
No bosom has pitied, no friend has been  
near, [cheer.  
Thy woe-stricken spirit to comfort and

4 But the days of thy mourning are near at  
an end, [and friend,  
When Messiah will come, thy Redeemer  
And cheer thee, and bless thee, and dry  
up thy tears, [fears—  
And calm thy sad bosom, and chase all thy

5 When Messiah, the hope of all Israel will  
come, [thee home ;  
And from islands and continents gather

Whom thy fathers rejected thy Saviour  
 shall be, . . . . . [be free.  
 And will strike off thy fetters, and bid thee

6 Thou shalt from affliction for ever be free,  
 The sons of oppressors shall bow down  
 to thee, . . . . . [Jew,  
 Ten men shall take hold of the skirt of the  
 And say, "With you we'll go, for Jeho-  
 vah's with you."

7 And Israel shall come from his place of  
 retreat, . . . . . [feet;  
 And shall worship Messiah, and bow at his  
 And all Abr'am's seed from the nations  
 shall come, . . . . . [home.  
 And shall find in the land of their fathers a

8 As the sea was once sever'd by Moses' rod,  
 So again thou shalt witness the power of  
 thy God, . . . . . [flow,  
 Thy Moses shall speak, and the waters shall  
 And thy tribes on dry land shall in glory  
 pass through.

9 Thou shalt build, thou shalt plant, and  
 inhabit, and eat, . . . . . [wheat,  
 And thy soul shall be fed on the finest of

In the valley of Achor thy herds shall lie down,  
 Thou shalt be 'midst the nations a plant of renown.

10 Thy olive shall flourish, thy fig-trees shall grow, [tains shall flow ;  
 And with wine, milk, and honey, thy moun-  
 'Neath the fig-tree and vine, in their cool spreading shade,  
 Thou shalt worship thy God, and none make thee afraid.

11 Thy Messiah will come, and his right will maintain,  
 Over thee and all nations in majesty reign ;  
 Thou shalt with his presence for ever be blest, [rest.  
 And from pain, grief, and sorrow eternally

HYMN 259. (L. M.)

- 1 When earth in bondage long had lain,  
 And darkness o'er the nations reign'd,  
 And all man's precepts prov'd in vain,  
 A perfect system to obtain,
- 2 A voice commission'd from on high,  
 Hark, hark ! it is the angel's cry,

Descending from the throne of light,  
His garments shining clear and white.

3 He comes the Gospel to reveal,  
In fulness to the sons of men ;  
Lo ! from Cumorah's lonely hill,  
There comes a record of God's will.

4 Translated by the power of God,  
His voice bears record to his word,  
Again an angel did appear,  
As witnesses do record bear ;

5 Restor'd the Priesthood, long since lost,  
In truth and power as at the first ;  
Thus men commission'd from on high,  
Came forth and did repentance cry,

6 Baptizing those who did believe,  
That they the Spirit might receive,  
In fulness, as in days of old,  
And have one Shepherd and one fold.

SECOND PART.

7 Ye Gentile nations, cease your strife,  
And listen to the words of life ;  
Turn from your sins, with one accord,  
Prepare to meet your coming Lord.

8 Let Judah's remnants, far and near,  
 The glorious proclamation hear,  
 For Israel and the Gentiles too,  
 The way to Zion shall pursue,

9 Their voices and their tongues employ,  
 In songs of everlasting joy ;  
 The mountains and the hills rejoice ;  
 Let all creation hear His voice.

10 From north to south, from east to west,  
 In thee all nations shall be blest,  
 When Abr'am and his seed shall stand  
 Unnumber'd on the promis'd land.

## HYMN 260. (L. M.)

1 The solid rocks were rent in twain,  
 When Christ the Lamb of God was slain ;  
 The sun in darkness veil'd his face,  
 The mountains mov'd, and left their place,

2 And all creation groan'd in pain,  
 Till the Messiah rose again !  
 When earth did cease her dreadful groans,  
 The sun unveil'd his face, and shone.

3 The righteous that were spar'd alive,  
 With joy and wonder did believe,

And soon together they conven'd,  
Conversing on the things they'd seen,

4 Which had been given for a sign—  
When lo ! they heard a voice divine ;  
And as the heavenly voice they heard,  
The Lord of glory soon appear'd.

SECOND PART.

5 With joy and wonder, all amaz'd,  
Upon their glorious Lord they gaz'd,  
And wist not what the vision meant,  
But thought it was an angel sent,

6 While in their midst he smiling stood,  
Proclaim'd himself the Son of God ;  
He said, “ Come forth, and feel, and see,  
That you may witness bear of me.”

7 And when they all had felt and seen  
Where once the nails and spear had been,  
Hosannah ! they aloud proclaim'd,  
And bless'd and prais'd his holy name.

8 He then proceeded to make plain,  
His Gospel to the sons of men ;  
The prophecies he did unfold,  
Yea, things that were in days of old.

9 And every thing that should transpire,  
 Till th' elements should melt with fire ;  
 Commanding them for to record  
 The sayings of their risen Lord—

10 That generation should be blest,  
 And with him in his Kingdom rest !  
 But oh ! what scenes of sorrow roll'd,  
 When he the future did unfold !

## THIRD PART.

11 Four generations should not pass,  
 Until they'd turn from righteousness,  
 The Nephite nation be destroy'd,  
 The Lamanites reject his word.

12 The Gospel taken from their midst,  
 The record of their fathers hid,  
 They dwindle long in unbelief,  
 And ages pass without relief ;

13 Until the Gentiles from afar,  
 Should smite them in a dreadful war,  
 And take possession of their land,  
 And they should have no power to stand.

14 But as their remnants wander far,  
 In darkness, sorrow, and despair,  
 Lo ! from the earth their record comes,  
 To gather Israel to their homes.

15 First to the Gentile 'tis reveal'd,  
 The prophecy must be fulfill'd,  
 That they may know and understand  
 His Gospel, and no more contend.

16 Hear, O ye Gentiles! and repent,  
 To you is this salvation sent,  
 God, to the Gentiles lifts his hand,  
 To gather Israel to their land.

HYMN 261. (P. M.)

1 O, who that has search'd in the records  
 of old,  
 And read the last scenes of distress—  
 Four-and-twenty were left, who with  
 Mormon beheld,  
 While their nation lay mould'ring to  
 dust.

2 The Nephites destroy'd, the Lamanites  
 dwelt  
 For ages in sorrow unknown ;  
 Generations have pass'd, till the Gentiles  
 at last,  
 Have divided their lands as their own.

3 O, who that has seen o'er the wide spread-  
 ing plain,  
 The Lamanites wander forlorn,  
 While the Gentiles in pride and oppres-  
 sion divide  
 The land they could once call their own.

4 And who that believes does not long for  
the hour

When sin and oppression shall cease,  
And truth, like the rainbow, display  
through the shower,  
That bright written promise of peace ?

5 O ! thou sore afflicted and sorrowful race,  
The days of thy sorrow shall end,  
The Lord has pronounced you a remnant  
of his,  
Descended from Abr'am his friend.

6 Thy stones with fair colours most glorious  
shall stand,  
And sapphires all shining around,  
Thy windows of agates in this glorious  
land,  
And thy gates with carbuncles abound.

7 With songs of rejoicing to Zion return,  
And sorrow and sighing shall flee !  
The powers of heaven among you come  
down,  
And Christ in the centre will be.

8 And then all the watchmen shall see eye  
to eye,  
When the Lord shall bring Zion again ;

The wolf and the kid down together shall lie,

And the lion shall dwell with the lamb.

9 The earth shall be fill'd with the knowledge of God,  
 And nothing shall hurt or destroy—  
 And these are the tidings we have to proclaim,  
 Glad tidings abounding with joy.

HYMN 262. (L. M.)

1 Hark ! listen to the gentle breeze,  
 O'er hill or valley, plain or grove ;  
 It whispers in the ears of man,  
 The voice of freedom, peace, and love.

2 The flowers that bloom o'er all the land,  
 In harmony and order stand ;  
 Nor hatred, pride, nor envy know—  
 In freedom, peace, and love they grow.

3 The birds their num'rous notes resound,  
 In songs of praise the earth around ;  
 Their voices and their tongues employ,  
 In songs of freedom, love, and joy.

4 And then behold the crystal stream,  
 With multitudes of fishes teem ;

In silent joy they live and move,  
In freedom, union, peace, and love.

## SECOND PART.

5 The mountains high, the rivers clear,  
Where heaven sheds her dews and tears ;  
In silence or with gentle roar,  
The God of love and peace adore.

6 The earth and air, the sea and sky,  
The Holy Spirit from on high,  
And angels who above do reign,  
Cry peace on earth, good will to men.

7 But most of all, a Saviour's love  
Was manifested from above ;  
He died, and rose to life again,  
Our freedom, love, and peace to gain.

8 But man, vile man, alone seems lost,  
With hatred, pride, and envy toss'd !  
His harden'd soul does seldom move  
In freedom, union, peace, and love.

9 For him let all creation mourn ;  
O'er him did Enoch's bosom yearn,  
Till he was promis'd from above,  
A day of freedom, peace, and love.

## HYMM 263. (L. M.)

- 1 Another day has fled and gone,  
The sun declines in western skies,  
The birds retir'd have ceas'd their song,  
Let ours in pure devotion rise.
- 2 The moon her splendid course resumes,  
She sheds her light o'er land and sea ;  
The gentle dews, in soft perfumes,  
Fall sweetly o'er each herb and tree.
- 3 While here in meditation sweet,  
Those happy hours I call to mind,  
When with the Saints I oft have met,  
Our hearts in pure devotion join'd.
- 4 Those friends afar I call to mind—  
When shall we meet again below !  
Their hearts affectionate and kind,  
How did they sooth my grief and woe !
- 5 As flow'rets in their brightest bloom,  
Are wither'd by the chilling blast,  
So man's fond hopes are like a dream,  
His days how fleet; how swift they pass.
- 6 But cease this melancholy moan,  
Nor sigh for those who will not come,  
For Israel surely will return  
To Zion and Jerusalem.

7 There is a source of pure delight  
 Forever shall support my heart,  
 For Zion's land reveal'd to sight,  
 Where Saints will meet no more to part.

## HYMN 264. (L. M.)

1 How fleet the precious moments roll !  
 How soon the harvest will be o'er,  
 The watchmen seek their final rest,  
 And lift a warning voice no more !

2 Another year has roll'd away,  
 And took its thousands to the tomb ;  
 Its sorrows and its joys are fled,  
 To hasten on the gen'ral doom.

3 The moments that we labour here,  
 Are rolling swiftly on the wing ;  
 And soon the leaves and tendrils thrive,  
 A token of returning spring.

4 The fulness of the Gospel shines,  
 With glorious and resplendent rays ;  
 The earth and heavens show forth their  
 As tokens of the latter days. [signs,

## SECOND PART.

5 Ye chosen Twelve, to you are given  
 The keys of this last ministry,  
 To every nation under heaven,  
 From land to land, from sea to sea.

6 First to the Gentiles sound the news,  
 Throughout Columbia's happy land ;  
 And then, before it reach the Jews,  
 Prepare on Europe's shores to stand.

7 Let Europe's towns and cities hear  
 The Gospel tidings angels bring ;  
 The Gentile nations, far and near,  
 Prepare their hearts His praise to sing.

8 India, and Afric's sultry plains,  
 Must hear the tidings as they roll,  
 Where darkness, death, and sorrow reign,  
 And tyranny has held control.

9 Listen, ye islands of the sea,  
 For every isle shall hear the sound,  
 Nations and tongues before unknown,  
 Though long since lost, shall soon be found.

10 And then again shall Asia hear,  
 Where angels first the news proclaim'd ;  
 Eternity shall record bear,  
 And earth repeat the loud Amen.

11 The nations catch the pleasing sound,  
 And Jew and Gentile swell the strain ;  
 Hosannahs o'er the earth resound,  
 Messiah then will come to reign.

HYMN 265. (C. M.)

1 Lift up your heads, ye scatter'd Saints,  
 Redemption draweth nigh,  
 Our Saviour hears the orphan's plaints,  
 The widow's mournful cry.

2 The blood of those who have been slain,  
 For vengeance cries aloud,  
 Nor shall its cries ascend in vain,  
 For vengeance on the proud. \*

3 The signs in heaven and earth appear,  
 And blood, and smoke, and fire ;  
 Men's hearts are failing them for fear,  
 Redemption's drawing nigher.

4 Earthquakes are bell'wing 'neath the  
 ground,  
 And tempests through the air,  
 The trumpet's blast, with fearful sound,  
 Proclaims th' alarm of war.

5 The Saints are scatter'd to and fro,  
 Through all the earth abroad,  
 The Gospel trump again to blow,  
 And then behold their God.

6 Rejoice, ye servants of our God,  
 Who to the end endure ;  
 Rejoice, for great is your reward,  
 And your defence is sure.

7 Although this body should be slain,  
 By cruel, wicked hands,  
 I'll praise my God in higher strains,  
 And on Mount Zion stand.

8 Glory to God ! ye Saints rejoice !  
 And sigh and groan no more,  
 But listen to the Spirit's voice,  
 Redemption 's at the door.

## HYMN 266. (L. M.)

1 'Torn from our friends, and captive led,  
 'Mid armed legions bound in chains,  
 That peace for which our fathers bled  
 Is gone, and dire confusion reigns.

- 2 Zion, our peaceful, happy home,  
Where oft we join'd in praise and prayer,  
A desolation has become,  
And grief and sorrow linger there.
- 3 Her virgins sigh, her widows mourn,  
Her children for their parents weep,  
In chains her Priests and Prophets groan,  
While some in death's cold arms do sleep.
- 4 Exultingly her savage foes  
Now ravage, steal, and plunder, where  
A virgin's tears, a widow's woes,  
Became their song of triumph there.
- 5 How long, O Lord, wilt thou forsake  
The Saints who tremble at thy word?  
Awake, O arm of God awake,  
And teach the nations thou art God.
- 6 Descend with all thy holy throng,  
The year of thy redeem'd bring near,  
Haste, haste the day of vengeance on,  
Bid Zion's children dry their tears.
- 7 Deliver, Lord, thy captive Saints,  
And comfort those who long have mourn'd;  
Bid Zion cease her dire complaints,  
And all creation cease to groan.

HYMN 267. (11's. *Anapæstic.*)

1 This morning in silence I ponder and mourn [to return :  
 O'er the scenes that have passed, no more  
 How vast are the labours, the troubles,  
 and fears, [through the year !  
 Of eight hundred millions who've toil'd

2 How many ten thousands were slain by  
 their foes, [o'er their woes,  
 While widows and orphans have mourn'd  
 While pestilence, famine, and earthquakes  
 appear, [past year !  
 And signs in the heavens throughout the

3 How many been murder'd, and plunder'd,  
 and robb'd,  
 How many oppressed and driven by mobs,  
 How oft have the heavens bedew'd, with  
 their tears,  
 The earth, o'er the scenes they beheld the  
 past year.

4 But the day-star has dawn'd o'er the land  
 of the bless'd, [of rest,  
 The first beams of morning, the morning  
 When cleans'd from pollution the earth  
 shall appear  
 As the garden of Eden, and peace crown  
 the year.

5 Then welcome the new year, I hail with  
delight [flight !  
The season approaching with time's rapid  
While each fleeting moment brings near  
and more near, [years.  
The day long expected, the great thousand

6 I praise and adore the eternal I AM—  
Hosannah, hosannah to God and the Lamb !  
Who orders the seasons that glide o'er  
the sphere,  
And crowns with such blessings, each  
happy new year.

HYMN 268. (11's. *Anapæstic.*)

1 'Mid scenes of confusion and creature com-  
plaints,  
How sweet to my soul is communion with  
Saints,  
To find at the banquet of mercy there's  
room,  
And feel, in the presence of Jesus, at home.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home ;  
Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory, my  
home.

2 Sweet bonds, that unite all the children  
of peace,  
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love  
cannot cease,

Though oft from thy presence in sadness I  
roam,  
I long to behold thee, in glory at home.

3 I sigh, from this body of sin to be free,  
Which hinders my joy and communion  
with thee ; [may foam,  
Though now my temptations like billows  
All, all will be peace when I'm with thee  
at home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,  
O give me submission and strength as my  
day ;  
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,  
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy  
grace,  
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of  
thy face ; [throne,  
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy  
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of  
home.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to  
shine,  
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine,  
And in thy fair image arise from the tomb,  
With glorified millions to praise thee at  
home.

## HYMN 269. (6-8's.)

- 1 Down by the river's verdant side,  
Low by the solitary tide,  
There while the peaceful waters slept,  
As pensively we sat and wept,  
And on the bending willows hung  
Our silent harps through grief unstrung.
- 2 For they who wasted Zion's bowers,  
And laid in dust her ruin'd towers,  
In scorn their weary slaves desire,  
To strike the chords of Israel's lyre !  
And in their impious ears to sing  
The sacred songs of Zion's king.
- 3 How shall we tune those lofty strains,  
On Babylon's polluted plains,  
When low in ruin on the earth,  
Remains the place that gave us birth,  
And stern destruction's iron hand,  
Still sways our desolated land !
- 4 Oh ! never shall our harps awake,  
Laid in the dust for Zion's sake,  
For ever on the willows hung,  
Their music hush'd, their chords unstrung,  
Lost Zion ! city of our God,  
While groaning 'neath the tyrant's rod.

5 Still mould'ring lie thy levell'd walls,  
 And ruin stalks along thy halls ;  
 And brooding o'er thy ruin'd towers,  
 Such desolation sternly lowers :  
 For when we muse upon thy woe,  
 How fast the gushing sorrows flow.

6 And while we toil through wretched life,  
 Drinking the bitter cup of strife,  
 Until we yield our weary breath,  
 And sleep releas'd from woe, in death,  
 Will Zion in our mem'ry stand,  
 Our lost, our ruin'd native land.

## HYMN 270. (L. M.)

1 O Zion, when I think on thee,  
 I long for pinions like the dove,  
 And mourn to think that I should be  
 So distant from the land I love.

2 A captive exile, far from home,  
 For Zion's sacred walls I sigh,  
 With ransom'd kindred there to come,  
 And see Messiah eye to eye.

3 While here, I walk on hostile ground,  
 The few that I can call my friends,  
 Are, like myself, in fetters bound,  
 And weariness our steps attends.

4 But yet we hope to see the day  
 When Zion's children shall return,  
 When all our griefs shall flee away,  
 And we no more again shall mourn.

5 The thought that such a day will come,  
 Makes e'en the exile's portion sweet ;  
 Though now we wander far from home,  
 In Zion soon we all shall meet.

## HYMN 271. (6-11's,)

1 Children of Zion, awake from your sadness,  
 For soon all your foes shall oppress you  
 no more ; [gladness ;  
 Bright on your hills dawns the day-star of  
 Arise ! for the night of your sorrow's  
 near o'er.  
 Children of Zion awake from your sadness,  
 For soon all your foes shall oppress you  
 no more.

2 Strong are your foes, but His arm will  
 subdue them,  
 And scatter their armies to regions afar :  
 They 'll flee like the chaff from the  
 scourge that pursues them ;  
 Vain are their strength, and their chariots  
 of war.

Children of Zion, awake from your sadness,  
 For soon all your foes shall oppress you  
 no more.

3 Children of Zion, His power will save you,  
 O loudly extol it o'er land and o'er sea ;  
 Shout ! for the foe 'll be destroy'd that  
 enslav'd you.

Th' oppressor will vanish, and Zion be  
 free.

Children of Zion, awake from your sadness,  
 For soon all your foes shall oppress you  
 no more,

Shout ! for the foe 'll be destroy'd that  
 enslav'd you,

Th' oppressor will vanish, and Zion be  
 free.

HYMN 272. (L. M.)

1 I have no home, where shall I go ?  
 While I am left to weep below ;  
 My heart is pain'd, my friends are gone,  
 And here I 'm left on earth to mourn.

2 I see my people lying round,  
 All lifeless here upon the ground—  
 Young men and maidens in their gore,  
 Which does increase my sorrows more.

- 3 My father look'd upon this scene,  
And in his writings has made plain,  
How every Nephite's heart did fear,  
When he beheld his foe draw near.
- 4 With axe and bow they fell upon  
Our men and women, sparing none,  
And left them prostrate on the ground ;  
Lo ! here they now are bleeding round.
- 5 Ten thousand that were led by me,  
Lie round this hill call'd Cumorah ;  
Their spirits from their bodies fled,  
And they are number'd with the dead.
- 6 Well might my father, in despair,  
Cry, All ye fair ones, once how fair,  
How is it that you 've fallen ? Oh !  
My soul is fill'd with pain for you.
- 7 My life is sought, where shall I flee ?  
Lord, take me home to dwell with thee,  
Where all my sorrow will be o'er,  
And I shall sigh and weep no more.
- 8 Thus sang the son of Mormon, when  
He gazed upon his Nephite men,  
And women, too, who had been slain,  
And left to moulder on the plain !

## HYMN 273. (11's &amp; 10's.)

1 Praise to the man who commun'd with  
 Jehovah,  
 Jesus anointed "that Prophet and  
 Seer,"  
 Blessed to open the last dispensation,  
 Kings shall extol him and nations revere.

## CHORUS.

Hail to the Prophet, ascended to heaven !  
 Traitors and tyrants now fight him in  
 vain ;  
 Mingling with Gods, he can plan for his  
 brethren ;  
 Death cannot conquer the hero again.

2 Praise to his mem'ry, he died as a martyr !  
 Honor'd and blest be his ever great  
 name ;  
 Long shall his blood, which was shed by  
 assassins,  
 Stain Illinois, while the earth lauds his  
 fame.  
 Hail to the Prophet, &c.

3 Great is his glory, and endless his Priest-  
 hood,  
 Ever and ever the keys he will hold,

Faithful and true he will enter his kingdom,  
Crown'd in the midst of the Prophets  
of old.

Hail to the Prophet, &c.

4 Sacrifice brings forth the blessings of heaven—

Earth must atone for the blood of that man !

Wake up the world for the conflict of justice,

Millions shall know “brother Joseph” again.

Hail to the Prophet, &c.

HYMN 274. (12's. *Anapæstic.*)

1 Come to me, will ye come to the Saints that have died,

To the next better world, where the righteous reside,

Where the angels and spirits in harmony be,

In the joys of a vast Paradise? Come to me.

2 Come to me where the truth and the virtues prevail,

Where the union is one, and the years never fail;

Where a heart can't conceive, nor a natural eye see  
 What the Lord has prepar'd for the just.  
 Come to me.

3 Come to me where there is no destruction or war, [ajar ;

Neither tyrants, nor mobbers, nor nations  
 Where the system is perfect, and happiness free, [to me.

And the life is eternal with God. Come

4 Come to me, will ye come to the mansions above,

Where the bliss and the knowledge, the light and the love,

And the glory of God shall eternally be ? Death, the wages of sin, is not here.

Come to me.

5 Come to me, here are Adam and Eve at the head [the dead ;

Of a multitude, quicken'd and rais'd from Here 's the knowledge that was, or that is, or will be— [to me.

In the gen'ral assembly of worlds. Come

6 Come to me, here 's the myst'ry that man hath not seen—

Here 's our Father in heaven, and Mother, the Queen ;

Here are worlds that have been, and the  
worlds yet to be,  
Here's eternity—endless. Amen. Come  
to me.

7 Come to me, all ye faithful and blest of  
Nauvoo;  
Come, ye Twelve, and ye High Priests,  
and Seventies too;  
Come, ye Elders, and all of the great  
company;  
When you've finish'd your work on the  
earth. Come to me.

8 Come to me, here's the future, the pre-  
sent, and past;  
Here is Alpha, Omega, the first and the  
last;  
Here's the 'Fountain,' the 'River of Life,'  
and the 'Tree!'  
Here's your Prophet and Seer, JOSEPH  
SMITH. Come to me.

HYMN 275. (8's & 9's.)

1 The Lord imparted from above,  
The 'Word of Wisdom' for our blessing,  
But shall it unto many prove  
A gift that is not worth possessing?

2 Have we not been divinely taught  
 To heed its voice, and highly prize it !  
 Then who shall once indulge the thought—  
 It can be better to despise it ?

3 Has self-denial grown a task ?  
 Or has that word been vainly spoken ?  
 Or why, I fain would humbly ask,  
 Why is that word so often broken ?

4 It is a straight and narrow way  
 That leads to the celestial city ;  
 That high-taught Saints should go astray,  
 Through Gentile customs, is a pity.

5 Oh ! that the Saints would all regard  
 Each gracious word that God has given,  
 And prize the favour of the Lord,  
 Above all things beneath the heaven.

## HYMN 276. (L. M.)

1 Awake ! ye Saints of God, awake !  
 Call on the Lord in mighty prayer,  
 That he will Zion's bondage break,  
 And bring to naught the fowler's snare.

2 He will regard his people's cry,  
 The widow's tear, the orphan's moan ;  
 The blood of those that slaughter'd lie,  
 Pleads not in vain before His throne !

3 Though Zion's foes have counsell'd deep,  
 Although they bind with fetters strong,  
 The God of Jacob does not sleep,  
 His vengeance will not slumber long.

4 Then let your souls be stay'd on God—  
 A glorious scene is drawing nigh,  
 Though tempests gather like a flood,  
 The storm though fierce will soon pass by.

5 With constant faith and fervent prayer,  
 With deep humility of soul,  
 With steadfast mind and heart prepare  
 To see th' eternal purpose roll.

6 Our God in judgment will come near,  
 His mighty arm he will make bare,  
 For Zion's sake he will appear—  
 Then, oh, ye Saints, awake, prepare !

7 Awake to union, and be one,  
 Or, saith the Lord, you are not mine !  
 Yea, like the Father and the Son,  
 Let all the Saints in union join.

## HYMN 277. (C. M.)

1 The glorious Gospel light has shone,  
 In this the latter day,  
 With such intelligence, that none  
 From truth need turn away.

2 Among the things which have been seal'd,  
 And from the world kept hid,  
 The Lord has to his Saints reveal'd,  
 As anciently he did ;

3 And through the Priesthood now restor'd,  
 Has e'en prepar'd the way  
 Through which the dead may hear his  
 And all its truths obey. [word,

4 As Christ to spirits went to preach,  
 Who were in prison laid,  
 So many Saints have gone to teach  
 The Gospel to the dead.

5 And we for them can be baptiz'd,  
 Yes, for our friends most dear,  
 That they can with the just be rais'd,  
 When Gabriel's trump they hear ;

6 That they may come with Christ again,  
 When he to earth descends,  
 A thousand years with him to reign,  
 And with their earthly friends.

7 Now, O ye Saints, rejoice to-day,  
 That you can saviours be  
 For all your dead, who will obey  
 The Gospel, and be free.

8 Then let us rise, without restraint,  
 And act for those we love,  
 For they are giving their consent,  
 And wait for us to move.

## HYMN 278. (8's &amp; 7's.)

1 Wake, O wake, the world from sleeping !  
 Watchman, watchman, what's the hour ?  
 Hark ye, only hear him saying,  
 'Tis the last—the eleventh hour !

## CHORUS.

We're the true born sons of Zion,  
 Who with us that can compare ?  
 We're the royal branch of Joseph,  
 The bright and glorious morning star.

2 Lo ! the Lion's left his thicket ;  
 Up, ye watchmen, be in haste,  
 The destroyer of the Gentiles  
 Goes to lay their cities waste.  
 We're the true born sons, &c.

3 Bring the remnants from their exile,  
 For the promise is to them ;  
 Japheth's rul'd the world his time out,  
 He must leave the "tents of Shem."  
 We're the true born sons, &c.

4 Comfort ye the house of Israel ;  
 They are pardon'd, gather them ;  
 Hear the watchman's proclamation—  
 Jews, rebuild Jerusalem.  
 We're the true born sons, &c.

5 Soon the Jews will know their error—  
 How they kill'd the Holy One,  
 And they 'll mourn, and shout, Hosanna !  
 This is "THE BELOVED SON!"  
 We're the true born sons, &c.

6 Sound the trumpet with the tidings,  
 Call in all of Abr'am's seed ;  
 Though the Gentiles may reject it,  
 Christ will come in very deed.  
 We're the true born sons, &c.

## HYMN 279. (9's &amp; 8's.)

1 Ho, ho, for the Temple 's completed,  
 The Lord hath a place for his head,  
 The Priesthood in power now lightens  
 The way of the living and dead !

2 See, see, mid the world's dreadful splen-  
 dour,  
 Christianity, folly, and sword,  
 The "Mormons," the diligent "Mormons,"  
 Have rear'd up this house to the Lord !

3 By the spirit and wisdom of Joseph,  
 Whose blood stains the honour of state,  
 By tithing and sacrifice daily,  
 The poor learn the way to be great.

4 Mark, mark, for the Gentiles are fearful,  
 Where the work of the Lord is begun ;  
 Already this monument finish'd,  
 Is counted one miracle done !

5 Gaze, gaze, at the flight of the righteous,  
 From the fire shower of ruin at hand,  
 Their prayers and their suff'rings are  
 wrathing  
 Jehovah to sweep off the land !

6 Sing, sing, for the hour of redemption,  
 The day for the poor Saints' reward,  
 Is coming for temp'ral enjoyment,  
 All shining with crowns from the Lord !

7 Watch, watch, for the blessing of Jesus  
 Is richer the farther its fetch'd,  
 The wonderful chain of our union  
 Is tighten'd the longer its stretch'd.

8 Shout, shout, for the armies of heaven  
 Will purify earth at a word, [faithful,  
 The "Twelve, with the Saints that are  
 Enter into the joys of their Lord !"

## HYMN 280. (P. M.)

1 Weep, weep not for me, Zion,  
 Rejoice now and sing ye aloud,  
 Pray, pray that Judah's fierce lion  
 May quickly descend in a cloud.

Haste, haste, oh ! quickly descend in a cloud.

2 To smite with the rod of his power,  
 To lay Zion's enemies low ;  
 While frowns on his countenance lower,  
 They sink to perdition and woe.

Yes, yes, they sink to perdition and woe.

3 Long, long, dear Saints, we have wan-  
 Yet, yet we will not complain ; [der'd,  
 Though oft our all has been plunder'd,  
 The loss is our infinite gain !

Yes, yes, the loss is our infinite gain.

4 Cease, cease your sighing and weeping,  
 Mourn, mourn not, neither repine ;  
 Now, I'm in heaven's blest keeping,  
 With Jesus I ever shall shine.

Yes, yes, with Jesus I ever shall shine.

5 Mobs, mobs, of all you 've bereft me—  
 Home, friends, and pleasures so sweet ;  
 Now, now from your powers I 'm free,  
 You and I never shall meet.  
 No, no, you and I never shall meet.

6 Go, go, ye wretches who 've slain me,  
 Now, now your power is o'er ;  
 Though in the tomb they have laid me,  
 I 'm resting on Zion's bright shore.  
 Yes, yes, I 'm resting on Zion's bright shore.

7 Weep, weep not, Zion's fair maidens ;  
 Brave sons, weep, weep not for me ;  
 Crown'd now, with glory I 'm laden,  
 Now happy I ever shall be.  
 Yes, yes, now happy I ever shall be.

8 Sad, sad were the hours of parting,  
 Then, then fell many a tear ;  
 Soon, soon you 'll be over the smarting,  
 And meet with the holy ones here.  
 Haste, haste, to meet with the holy ones  
 here.

9 Heaves, heaves each bosom with sorrow,  
 Anguish—how fervent the pain !  
 Soon, soon will come the blest morrow,  
 When you will see JOSEPH again.  
 Then, then, you will see JOSEPH again.

10 Then, then how happy the meeting,  
 Joy, joy each bosom will fill !  
 With JOSEPH and HYRUM then greeting,  
 On Zion's thrice sanctified hill.  
 Yes, yes, on Zion's thrice sanctified hill.

## HYMN 281. (P. M.)

1 The SEER, the SEER, JOSEPH the SEER—  
 I 'll sing of the Prophet ever dear ;  
 His equal now cannot be found,  
 By searching the wide world around.  
 With Gods he soar'd in the realms of day,  
 And men he taught the heavenly way.  
 The earthly Seer ! the heavenly Seer !  
 I love to dwell on his memory dear ;  
 The chosen of God, and the friend of man,  
 He brought the Priesthood back again,  
 He gaz'd on the past, on the present too,  
 And open'd the heavenly world to view.

2 Of noble seed, of heavenly birth,  
 He came to bless the sons of earth ;  
 With keys by the Almighty given,  
 He open'd the full rich stores of heaven ;  
 O'er the world that was wrapt in sable  
 night,  
 Like the sun, he spread his golden light.

He strove, O, how he strove to stay  
 The stream of crime in its reckless way ;  
 With a mighty mind, and a noble aim,  
 He urg'd the wayward to reclaim ;  
 'Mid the foaming billows of angry strife,  
 He stood at the helm of the ship of life.

3 The Saints, the Saints, his only pride,  
 For them he liv'd, for them he died !  
 Their joys were his, their sorrows too,  
 He lov'd the Saints, he lov'd Nauvoo !  
 Unchang'd in death, with a Saviour's love  
 He pleads their cause in the courts above.  
 The Seer, the Seer ! Joseph the Seer !  
 O, how I love his memory dear ;  
 The just and wise, the pure and free,  
 A father he was and is to me ;  
 Let fiends now rage in their dark hour—  
 No matter, he is beyond their power.

4 He's free ! he's free ! the Prophet's free !  
 He is where he will ever be,  
 Beyond the reach of mobs and strife,  
 He rests unharmed in endless life ;  
 His home's in the sky, he dwells with  
 the Gods,  
 Far from the furious rage of mobs.  
 He died ! he died for those he lov'd ;  
 He reigns, he reigns in the realms above ;

He waits with the just who have gone before,  
 To welcome the Saints to Zion's shore.  
 Shout, shout, ye Saints, this boon is given—  
 We'll meet our martyr'd SEER in heaven.

## HYMN 282. (C. M.)

- 1 When all thy mercies, O my God,  
   My rising soul surveys,  
   Transported with the view, I'm lost  
   In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Oh! how shall words with equal warmth,  
   The gratitude declare,  
   That glows within my ravish'd heart—  
   But thou canst read it there.
- 3 Thy Providence my life sustain'd,  
   And all my wants redress'd,  
   When in the silent womb I lay,  
   Or hung upon the breast.
- 4 To all my weak complaints and cries,  
   Thy mercy lent an ear,  
   Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd  
   To form themselves in prayer.
- 5 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul,  
   Thy tender care bestow'd,

Before my infant heart conceiv'd  
 From whom those comforts flow'd.

6 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,  
 With heedless steps I ran ;  
 Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,  
 And led me up to man.

7 Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,  
 It gently clear'd my way,  
 And through the pleasing snares of vice,  
 More to be fear'd than they.

PART SECOND.

8 When worn by sickness, oft hast thou,  
 With health renew'd my face ;  
 And when in sin and sorrow sunk,  
 Reviv'd my soul with grace.

9 Thy bounteous hand, with worldly bliss,  
 Has made my cup run o'er,  
 And, in a kind and faithful friend,  
 Has doubled all my store.

10 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts,  
 My daily thanks employ,  
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart  
 That tastes those gifts with joy.

11 Through every period of my life,  
 Thy goodness I'll pursue,  
 And after death, in distant worlds,  
 The glorious theme renew.

12 When nature fails, and day and night  
 Divide thy works no more,  
 My ever grateful heart, O Lord !  
 Thy mercy shall adore.

13 Through all eternity, to thee,  
 A joyful song I'll raise :  
 But oh ! eternity 's too short  
 To utter all thy praise.

## HYMN 283. (7's &amp; 6's.)

1 O, stop and tell me, Red Man,  
 Who are you ? why you roam ?  
 And how you get your living,  
 Have you no God, no home ?

2 With stature straight and portly,  
 And deck'd in native pride,  
 With feathers, paints, and brooches,  
 He willingly replied—

3 I once was pleasant Ephraim,  
When Jacob for me pray'd ;  
But oh ! how blessings vanish,  
When man from God has stray'd !

4 Before your nation knew us,  
Some thousand moons ago,  
Our fathers fell in darkness,  
And wander'd to and fro.

5 And long they 've liv'd by hunting,  
Instead of work and arts,  
And so our race has dwindled  
To idle Indian hearts.

6 Yet hope within us lingers,  
As if the Spirit spoke—  
He'll come for your redemption,  
And break your Gentile yoke ;

7 And all your captive brothers  
From every clime shall come,  
And quit their savage customs,  
To live with God at bome.

8 Then joy will fill our bosoms,  
And blessings crown our days,  
To live in pure religion,  
And sing our Maker's praise.

## HYMN 284. (P. M.)

1 The time is far spent, there is little remaining  
 To publish glad tidings, by sea and by land,  
 Then hasten, ye heralds! go forward proclaiming—  
 Repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven's at hand.

2 Shrink not from your duty, however unpleasant,  
 But follow the Saviour, your pattern and friend;  
 Our little afflictions, though painful at present,  
 Ere long, with the righteous, in glory will end.

3 What though, if the favour of Ahman possessing,  
 This world's bitter hate you are call'd to endure;  
 The angels are waiting to crown you with blessings—  
 Go, brethren! be faithful, the promise is sure.

4 All, all things are known to the mind of  
Jehovah,  
There's nothing conceal'd from his all-  
searching eye !  
Then, fear not ! the hairs of your heads  
are all number'd,  
And even the ravens are heard when  
they cry.

5 Be fix'd in your purpose, for Satan will  
try you,  
The weight of your calling, he perfectly  
knows :  
Your path may be thorny, but Jesus is  
nigh you ;  
His arm is sufficient, though demons  
oppose.

6 Press on to the mark of eternal perfec-  
tion,  
Determin'd to reap the celestial reward,  
That you may come forth in the first re-  
surrection,  
And feast at the supper of Jesus the  
Lord.

## HYMN 285. (P. M.)

1 Ye who are call'd to labour and minister  
for God,  
Blest with the royal Priesthood, and call-  
ed by his word,  
To preach among the nations, the news  
of Gospel grace,  
And publish on the mountains, salvation,  
truth, and peace.

2 O let not vain ambition or worldly glory  
stain  
Your minds so pure and holy, but quit  
yourselves like men;  
While lifting up your voices, like trum-  
pets, long and loud,  
Say to the slumbering nations, "Prepare  
to meet your God."

3 Then cease from all light speeches, light-  
mindedness, and pride!  
Pray always without ceasing, and in the  
truth abide;  
The Comforter will teach you, his richest  
blessings send,  
Your Saviour will be with you, always un-  
to the end.

4 And while you roam as pilgrims, and  
 strangers on this earth,  
 O do not be discouraged—with songs of  
 joy go forth,  
 Rejoice in tribulation, for your reward is  
 sure,  
 Remember that your Saviour like sor-  
 rows did endure.

5 Rich blessings do await you, and God will  
 give you faith,  
 You shall be crown'd with glory, and tri-  
 umph over death,  
 And soon you'll come to Zion, bearing  
 your many sheaves,  
 No more to taste of sorrow, but glorious  
 crowns receive.

## HYMN 286. (4-6 &amp; 2-8.)

1 All hail ! the new born year !  
 Thrice welcome to the Saints,  
 Whose coming Lord is near,  
 To end their long complaints :  
 Sweet hope still perching on thy wing,  
 Anticipates a happier spring.

2 When life shall spring anew,  
 And vegetation bloom,  
 And flowers of varied hue  
 Still spread a rich perfume,  
 While happy birds fill every grove  
 With songs of joy and life and love.

3 These but a type shall be,  
 Of glories more sublime ;  
 A wondrous jubilee  
 Hangs on the wings of time ;  
 Near, and more near redemption comes ;  
 Near, and more near the sinners' doom.

4 Come, tune your songs anew,  
 And join in hymns of praise,  
 To Him whose power we view,  
 In these eventful days !  
 Whose arm shall make the nations yield,  
 Shall conquer death, and win the field.

5 All hail ! thou glorious King  
 Of righteousness and peace ;  
 Thy promises we sing,  
 And hope for quick release ;  
 Let Zion find her promis'd rest,  
 And nations in her courts be bless'd.

## HYMN 287. (L. M. D.)

- 1 O, give me back my Prophet dear,  
And Patriarch, O give them back,  
The Saints of Latter-days to cheer,  
And lead them in the Gospel track.  
But oh! they're gone from my embrace,  
From earthly scenes their spirits fled—  
Two of the best of Adam's race  
Now lie entomb'd among the dead.
- 2 Ye men of wisdom, tell me why,  
When guilt nor crime in them were found,  
Why now their blood doth loudly cry  
From prison walls and Carthage ground!  
Your tongues are mute, but pray attend,  
The secret I will now relate,  
Why those whom God to earth did lend,  
Have met the suff'ring martyr's fate.
- 3 It is because they strove to gain,  
Beyond the grave, a heaven of bliss;  
Because they made the Gospel plain,  
And led the Saints in righteousness:  
It is because God call'd them forth,  
And led them by his own right hand,  
Christ's coming to proclaim on earth,  
And gather Israel to their land.

4 It is because the priests of Baal  
 Were desperate their craft to save,  
 And when they saw it doom'd to fail,  
 They sent the Prophets to their grave.  
 Like scenes the ancient Prophets saw,  
 Like these, the ancient Prophets fell ;  
 And till the resurrection dawn,  
 Prophet and Patriarch—fare ye well.

## HYMN 288. (P. M.)

1 The God that others worship, is not the  
 God for me ;  
 He has no parts, nor body, and cannot  
 hear nor see :  
 But I've a God that reigns above—  
 A God of power and of love,  
 A God of revelation—O that's the God  
 for me.  
 O that's the God for me,  
 O that's the God for me.

2 A Church without a Prophet, is not the  
 Church for me ;  
 It has no head to lead it, in it I would  
 not be ;  
 But I've a Church not made by man,  
 Cut from the mountain without hand.

A Church with gifts and blessings—O  
that's the Church for me.

O ! that's, &c. O ! that's, &c.

3 A Church without Apostles, is not the  
Church for me ;

Its like a ship dismasted, afloat upon the  
sea ;

But I've a Church that's always led,  
With the Twelve Stars around her head ;  
A Church with good foundation—O that's  
the Church for me.

O ! that's, &c. O ! that's, &c.

4 The Hope that Gentiles `cherish, is not  
the hope for me,

It has no faith nor knowledge—far from  
it I would be ;

But I've a Hope that will not fail,  
It reaches far within the veil,

Which hope is like an anchor—O that's  
the Hope for me.

O ! that's, &c. O ! that's, &c.

5 The Heaven of Sectarians, is not the hea-  
ven for me,

So doubtful its location—neither on land  
nor sea :

But I've a Heaven upon the earth—

The land and home that gave me birth;  
 A Heaven of light and knowledge—O  
 that's the Heaven for me.

O ! that 's, &c. O ! that 's, &c.

6 A Church without a gathering, is not the  
 Church for me;  
 The Saviour would not own it, where-  
 ever it might be;  
 But I 've a Church that 's called out  
 From false tradition, fear, and doubt,  
 A gathering dispensation—O that 's the  
 Church for me.

O ! that 's, &c. O ! that 's, &c.

HYMN 289. (P. M.)

1 Oh ! Thou who has promis'd in love to  
 receive  
 The children of those who in Jesus be-  
 lieve,  
 Thy Spirit impart and our blessings be-  
 stow  
 On those to thy service we dedicate now.

2 Receive them, our Father, as Lambs that  
 were lost,  
 The blood of thy Son is the price they  
 have cost;

By the power of the Priesthood thy goodness has given,  
We bless them as thine in the Kingdom of heaven.

3 Let thy mercy surround them, thou Father ador'd, [Lord;

To obey the commands of our crucified Thy Spirit for ever their bosoms inspire, And seal them thine own with thine unction and fire.

4 May they be to thy glory as jewels of worth, [earth;

When Jesus is come to be own'd King on And stand in their lot, with the sanctified crown'd, [round.

When all shall adore thee the universe

HYMN 290. (P. M.)

1 The Upper California, O ! that 's the land for me, [Pacific Sea :

It lies between the Mountains and great The Saints can be supported there, And taste the sweets of liberty, In Upper California—O ! that 's the land for me.

O ! that 's, &c. O ! that 's, &c.

2 We'll go and lift our standard, we'll go  
 there and be free, [lee,  
 We'll go to California, and have our jubil-  
 A land that blooms with endless spring,  
 A land of life and liberty,  
 With flocks and herds abounding—O  
 that's the land for me.  
 O ! that 's, &c. O ! that 's, &c.

3 We'll burst off all our fetters, and break  
 the Gentile's yoke,  
 For long it has beset us, but now it shall  
 be broke ;  
 No more shall Jacob bow his neck,  
 Henceforth he shall be great and free  
 In Upper California—O ! that 's the land  
 for me.  
 O ! that 's, &c. O ! that 's, &c.

4 We'll reign, we'll rule, and triumph, and  
 God shall be our king ;  
 The plains, the hills, and vallies shall with  
 hosannahs ring ;  
 Our towers and temples there shall rise  
 Along the great Pacific Sea,  
 In Upper California—O ! that 's the land  
 for me.  
 O ! that 's, &c. O ! that 's, &c.

5 We'll ask our cousin Lemuel to join us  
heart and hand,

And spread abroad our curtains throughout  
fair Zion's land.

Till this is done, we'll pitch our tents  
Along the great Pacific Sea,

In Upper California—O ! that 's the land  
for me.

O ! that 's, &c. O ! that 's, &c.

6 Then join with me, my brethren, and let  
us hasten there;

We'll lift our glorious standard, and raise  
our house of prayer.

We'll call on all the nations round,  
To join our standard and be free,

In Upper California—O ! that 's the land  
for me.

O ! that 's, &c. O ! that 's, &c.

HYMN 291. (8's & 7's.)

1 Earthly happiness is fleeting,

Earthly prospects quickly fade ;

Oft the heart with pleasure beating,

Is to bitterness betray'd !

2 Scenes of sorrow most distressing,

Scenes that fill the heart with pain,

Often yield the choicest blessing—

Present loss is future gain—

3 In the darkest dispensation,  
     O remember, God is just ;  
 'Tis the richest consolation,  
     In his faithfulness to trust.

4 Let the heart oppress'd with sorrow,  
     Let the bosom fill'd with grief,  
 Let the wounded spirit borrow,  
     From his promise kind relief.

5 While affliction's surge comes o'er you,  
     Look beyond the dark'ning wave !  
 See a brighter scene before you,  
     Hail the triumph o'er the grave.

6 Though your lovely child is taken  
     From your bosom to the urn,  
 Soon the sleeping dust will waken,  
     And its spirit will return.

7 Yes, again you will behold it,  
     Fairer than the morning ray ;  
 In your arms you will enfold it,  
     When all tears are wip'd away.

## HYMN 292. (11's &amp; 10's.)

1 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morn-  
     ing,  
 Joy to the lands that in darkness have  
     lain,

Hush'd be the accents of sorrow and  
mourning,  
Zion in triumph begins her glad reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morn-  
ing,

Long by the Prophets of Israel foretold !  
Hail to the millions from bondage re-  
turning !

Gentiles and Jews the glad vision behold.

3 Lo ! in the desert the rich flowers are  
springing,

Streams ever copious are gliding along,  
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are  
ringing,

Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in  
song.

4 See from all lands, from the isles of the  
ocean,

Praise to Jehovah ascending on high,  
Fallen the engines of war and commotion,  
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

## HYMN 293. (L. M.)

- 1 Thou dost not weep, to weep alone !  
The broad bereavement seems to fall  
Unheeded and unfelt by none—  
He was belov'd, belov'd by all.
- 2 But lo ! what joy salutes our grief,  
Bright rainbows crown the tearful gloom,  
Hope, hope eternal, brings relief,  
Faith sounds a triumph o'er the tomb.
- 3 It soothes our sorrow, says to thee—  
The Lord in chast'ning comes to bless,  
God is thy God, he says he'll be  
A father to the fatherless.
- 4 'Tis well with the departed one ;  
His Christian lamp was shining bright ;  
And when his mortal life went down,  
His spirit join'd the Saints on high.
- 5 'Tis meet to die as he has died—  
He smil'd amid death's conquer'd gloom,  
While angels waited by his side,  
To bear a kindred spirit home.
- 6 Vain are the trophies wealth can give,  
His mem'ry needs no sculptor's art,  
He 's left a name—his virtues live,  
Like golden medals, in the heart.

## HYMN 294. (C. M.)

- 1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,  
    Unutter'd or express'd ;  
The motion of a hidden fire  
    That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
    The falling of a tear,  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
    When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
    That infant lips can try ;  
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach  
    The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
    The Christian's native air ;  
His watchword at the gates of death !  
    He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
    Returning from his ways,  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
    And say, "Behold, he prays !"
- 6 The Saints in prayer appear as one,  
    In word, and deed, and mind ;  
While with the Father and the Son  
    Their fellowship they find.

7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone ;  
 The Holy Spirit pleads,  
 And Jesus, on th' eternal throne,  
 For sinners intercedes.

8 O thou by whom we come to God,  
 The Life, the Truth, the Way !  
 The path of prayer thyself hast trod—  
 Lord, teach us how to pray.

## HYMN 295. (11's.)

1 Ye Elders of Israel, come join now with  
 me,  
 And search out the righteous, where-  
 ever they be :  
 In desert or mountain, on land or the sea,  
 And bring them from Bab'lon to Zion  
 so free.

Oh ! Babylon, Oh ! Babylon, we bid thee  
 farewell,  
 We're going to the mountains of Eph-  
 raim to dwell.

2 The harvest is great, and the lab'lers  
 are few,  
 But if we're united, we all things can do ;

We'll gather the wheat from the midst  
of the tares,  
And bring them from bondage, deep  
sorrows and snares.

Oh! Babylon, &c.

3 We'll go to the poor, like our Captain of  
old,

And visit the weary, the hungry, and  
cold;

We'll heal up their wounds, and we'll  
dry up their tears,

And lead them to Zion, to dwell there  
for years.

Oh! Babylon, &c.

4 We'll visit the feeble, the halt, dumb, and  
blind,

And preach them the Gospel of Jesus  
so kind;

We'll cheer up their hearts with the  
news that we bear,

And point them to Zion for life ever-  
more.

Oh! Babylon, &c.

5 And when we have finish'd the work  
we've begun,

And the Priesthood in Zion shall say,  
" 'tis well done;"

With friends, wives, and children, how  
happy we'll be,  
And shout when the trump sounds,  
"Zion is free!"

Oh! Babylon, &c.

HYMN 296. (11's.)

1 The shepherds have raised their sweet  
warning voice,  
To flee to the land, O the land of God's  
choice—  
As the Prophets of old, they have warn'd  
us to flee  
To the mountains of Ephraim, where  
happy we'll be.  
Oh! Babylon, oh! Babylon, we bid thee  
farewell,  
We're going to the mountains of Ephraim  
to dwell.

2 Prepare for your journey, ye Saints of the  
Lord,  
Although it is tedious you'll have your  
reward;  
You've obey'd His commands and you've  
bow'd to his will—  
Your rest now remaineth on Mount Zion's  
hill.

Oh! Babylon, &c.

3 Persecution may rage, but these will be  
free,  
While the wrath of Jehovah in Babylon  
shall be—  
Gather out from the wicked, ye meek-  
hearted ones,  
And fly to the mountains, the place of  
your homes.

Oh ! Babylon, &c.

4 The time, it is coming, but ye will say nay,  
When you will remember the Saints gone  
away,  
To dwell on the mountains, where they  
will be free,  
While the wrath of Jehovah the wicked  
shall see.

Oh ! Babylon, &c.

5 These lines were compos'd for to sing  
unto thee,  
That the hearts of the Saints might join  
in with me,  
And think of the mountains, the moun-  
tains sublime,  
Cover'd over with Saints, milk, honey,  
and wine.

Oh ! Babylon, &c.

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